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# HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JULY 1980 \$3.25

*Sixth  
Anniversary  
Issue*

**NEW  
EVIDENCE:  
WAS  
MARILYN  
MONROE  
KILLED?**

**14 NUDE  
CELEBS**

**ED CLARK  
INTERVIEW**

**WOMEN  
VS.  
PORN**







# LOVELACE MEETS MISS JONES



# JOINT VENTURE

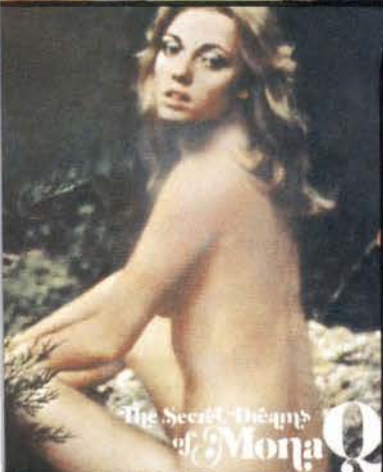


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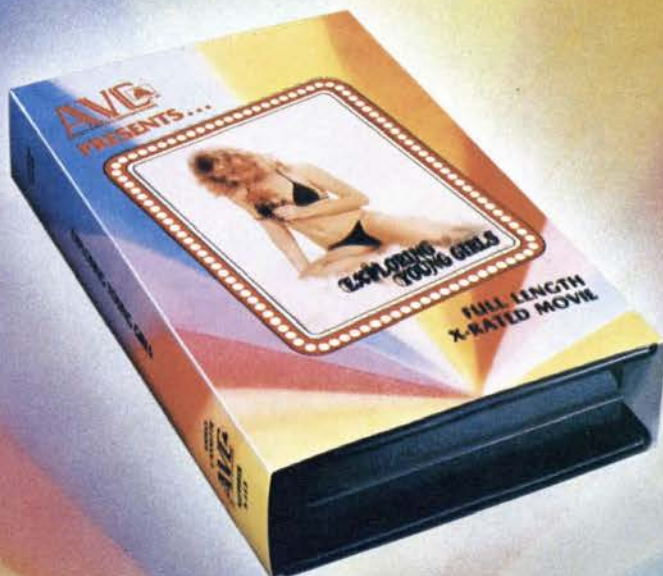


# The Secret Diary of Miss Mona

Kelly Mint



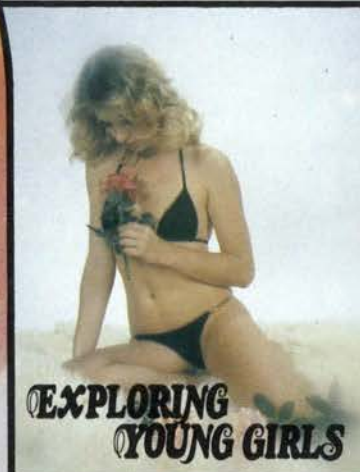
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**JULY 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 1**





## No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine  
& The Advertising Council



### We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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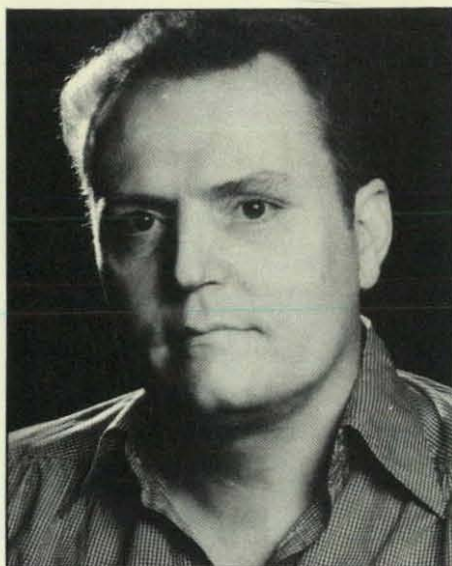
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HUSTLER JULY 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 1

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## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# HUSTLER: Our Six Years

**T**his month HUSTLER celebrates its sixth anniversary. Frankly, I think that's an incredible accomplishment. The accomplishment I'm talking about is not HUSTLER's success at the newsstand. That's simply the result of fulfilling my pledge to give you—the readers—exactly what you want. I think HUSTLER's real achievement has been surviving and growing in the face of deadly serious attempts to silence us.

With each passing year, harassment of HUSTLER gets worse. The courts, self-righteous politicians, sexually repressed clergymen, misinformed feminists and even competitors seem to take turns trying to persecute or intimidate us. But they always fail to intimidate us, and for a very simple reason: They speak only for themselves and not for the majority. And I'm convinced that 99% of the American people believe strongly in the First Amendment.

Make no mistake about it: It's HUSTLER's relentless struggle to preserve your First Amendment rights that has provoked these efforts to break us. Unfortunately, there are some people in our country who prefer that the rest of us not be allowed to express ourselves freely. I'm proud of HUSTLER's role as a constant thorn in their sides, and I can promise you that

that thorn will keep getting sharper in the years ahead.

The battle for your free-speech rights has not always been easy. I've been shot, sued, arrested, tried, convicted, fined and jailed since I published the first issue of HUSTLER six years ago.

For the simple act of selling HUSTLER—a popular, respected international publication of satire and sex—I was sentenced to 25 years in prison in Ohio and 11 years in prison in Georgia. Of course, I'm appealing those absurd convictions, and have no doubt I will prevail. They have merely renewed my commitment to confront hypocrisy while continuing to depict the beautiful human body frankly and honestly.

The last year has far and away been HUSTLER's best—and convincing proof that no amount of harassment can keep a good magazine down. That would only happen if we started taking our Constitutional rights for granted. I, for one, never will. HUSTLER is the front-runner in the never-ending struggle to protect freedom of expression in America. With your support, I promise to keep it that way.

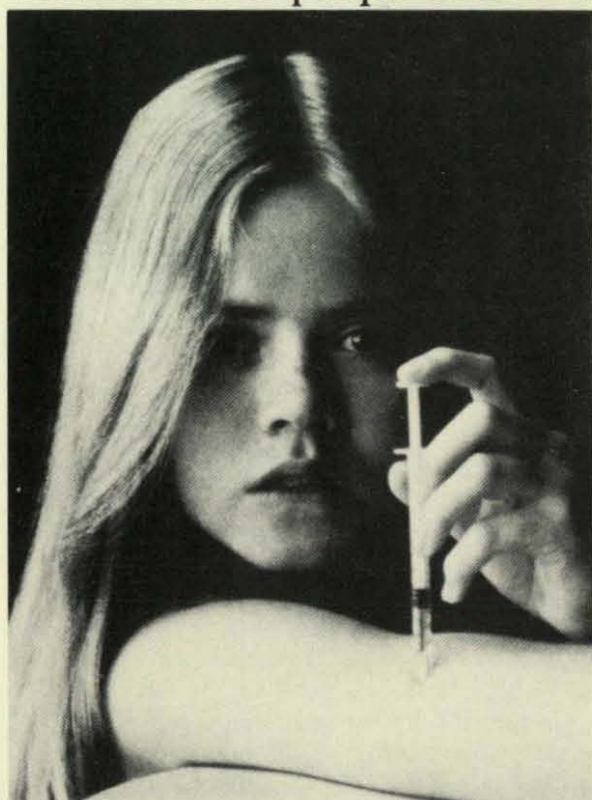
A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Larry Flynt".

*Publisher &  
Chairman of the Board*



# IF DIABETES IS SO EASY TO LIVE WITH, WHY IS IT THE THIRD LARGEST KILLER?

Last year diabetes killed an estimated 300,000 people. Yet millions of people don't realize just how serious a disease it is.



They think curing diabetes is as simple as taking a shot of insulin. Well, it isn't.

Insulin can keep a diabetic alive. But it can't always prevent the complications caused by the disease.

For instance, a gradual deterioration of blood vessels that eventually leads to blindness. Or heart disease. Or kidney failure.

Still there is hope. We're constantly looking for better ways of treating diabetes. And a real cure may not be far off. But we need your help.

Please give to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, Dept. A, Box 9999, New York, N.Y. 10001. Without you, diabetes may someday go from number three to number one.

**INSULIN IS NOT A CURE. HELP US FIND ONE.**

Juvenile diabetes is insulin-dependent diabetes, the most severe form of the disease.





**T**he French have an old saying: "The more things change, the more they stay the same." That expression says a lot about HUSTLER as we begin our seventh year of publication. Even though we've changed considerably in six years, HUSTLER is still the same hell-raising forum for controversial ideas that it's been since Volume 1, Number 1.

We're particularly proud of two changes that mark our July anniversary issue. Joining the HUSTLER staff are Richard Warren Lewis as Articles Editor and Augustin Gregory as Photography Editor. Lewis, who profiled rebel trucker Mike Parkhurst in the April issue, brings to the pages of HUSTLER more than 20 years of editorial experience and an extensive list of solid professional credentials. He is the author of both *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report* and the screenplay adapted from Irving Wallace's novel *The Seven Minutes*. Before signing on with us, he had been a contributing editor for national publications ranging from *The Saturday Evening Post* to *Playboy*. And Augustin Gregory is a highly respected photographer and creative consultant who has won more than 20 prestigious design awards.

It is certainly no change for HUSTLER to be harassed by groups that think they have the right to decide what you can look at. The new crusaders for "decency" are **WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY**, and an analysis in this issue by HUSTLER Managing Editor **KELLY GARRETT** shows how they are using the cause of feminism to further sexual repression. Before joining the HUSTLER staff a year ago, Garrett



Cover by Matti Klatt

was editor and publisher of a number of California weekly newspapers.

In **THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE**, a startling exposé written especially for HUSTLER's anniversary, **ROBERT F. SLATZER** presents new evidence that Marilyn Monroe was murdered. Slatzer, briefly married to Marilyn in 1952, is a former investigative reporter who went on to write and direct several motion pictures. His work has been praised by many, including noted author Norman Mailer, who wrote, "On the basis of the hard evidence Robert Slatzer has collected, I think it would now be more difficult to prove Marilyn Monroe took her own life than that she was killed."

It's no coincidence that the female model in **MATTI KLATT's** breathtaking photographic recreation of Monroe's death is a look-alike for the late sex symbol. She's **PAULA**

**LANE**, who makes her living impersonating the famous actress.

HUSTLER's special anniversary interview is with **ED CLARK**, the Libertarian Party's candidate for President of the United States, who talks about his party's plans to drastically reduce the role of government in this country. Accompanying the interview is a portrait of the candidate by **PHIL GROVES**, former art director of the Libertarian magazine *Reason*. Groves, who also shot the companion photo for *Women Against Pornography*, has just completed the cover for bluesman John Mayall's latest album, *No More Interviews*.

**PEPPER PARRISH**, whose June 1979 story *No Thunderbolts* so delighted HUSTLER readers that we included it in **BEST OF HUSTLER #5**, is back again, with her short story **DREAM COME TRUE**. To illustrate this bittersweet tale of lust fulfilled we called on **JOHN HAMAGAMI**.

The age-old search for the perfect aphrodisiac may be over if the human body scents called pheromones have the potential many researchers think they do. In this month's *Sex Play* the truth about **PEROMONES: SEX & SMELL** is sniffed out by **JACK OWEN JARDINE**. Jardine, a veteran and prolific writer who specializes in sex-related subjects, last appeared in HUSTLER with his January *Sex Play* explaining classified sex ads. The illustration is by **JIM CHADA**, HUSTLER's Art Director.

HUSTLER will always be changing in the years ahead as we strive for the highest possible quality. But, as you'll see when you go through this Sixth Anniversary issue, one thing will never change: our commitment to give you, the reader, exactly what you want. 🐶



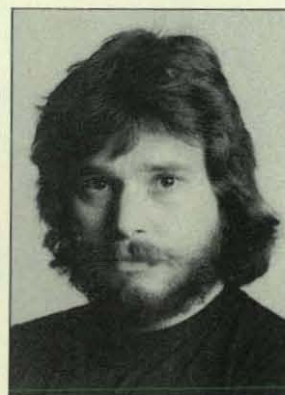
Kelly Garrett



Robert F. Slatzer



Augustin Gregory and Richard Warren Lewis



Phil Groves



# ALL OF THESE KILLERS ARE DEAD OR IN PRISON EXCEPT ONE.



Adolf Hitler



Albert Fish



Charles Whitman



Albert "The Boston Strangler" DeSalvo



Richard Speck



Charles Manson



Sirhan Sirhan



David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz



Regular & Low Tar

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE



**In Full Bloom:** I never thought I'd write to HUSTLER, but that was before I saw your May issue with *Louisa: In Full Bloom* (top photo). It was the best photograph of a woman I have ever seen in your magazine or in anyone else's. Photographer Suze Randall should receive an award for it. Keep up the good work.

—B. P.  
Baldwin Park, California

I would like an explanation as to why *Louisa* in your May issue is the same girl who *Club* magazine did a feature on in its May issue and *Cavalier* did a spread on in its May issue. Is a good model that hard to come by? I mean, you could have at least waited a month.

—Ted Koziol  
Madison, New Jersey

*We make every effort to bring new, never-before-seen models to the pages of HUSTLER. However, we don't think it would be fair to prohibit our models from appearing in other publications. That would infringe on their right to earn a living.*

**Cartoons and Sin:** I don't care whether or not you're religious; the cartoons (center) in *A Tongue-in-Cheek Look at Religion* (HUSTLER, April) are sacrilegious, disgusting and perverted. You guys will try anything for a joke. You all stink! However, I agree with your November 1979 *Publisher's Statement* about there being no choice for President.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

I picked up a copy of your magazine yesterday and was really hurt by what I saw. Your magazine is in direct contradiction to the words of Jesus. You don't glorify God. You mock and bring shame to His Son.

I recently saw the *Phil Donahue Show* that featured Associate Publisher Althea Flynt. She tried to defend the magazine, but you really have no defense. No matter what your rationale is, you advocate sin—adultery, fornication and lust.

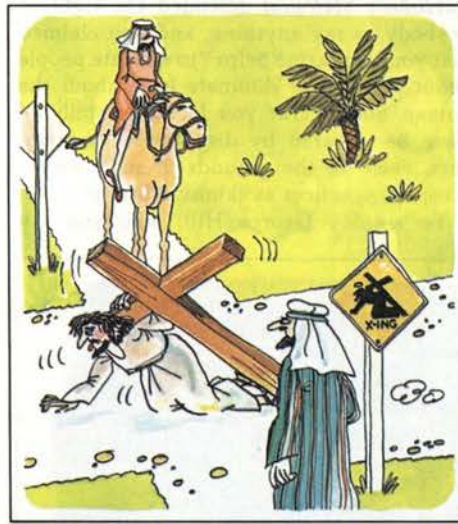
Your magazine doesn't come close to anything morally acceptable. But, of course, if it did, you would lose money. Your bad public relations for God has given Christians a bad name everywhere.

—David Gabaire  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please tell me how you can justify your magazine. HUSTLER is gross and breaks down the standards of morality.

I've been an adulteress, and I know the feelings that come with exciting approaches to sex. But when I open up your magazine and look at the suggestive pictures, it makes me sick.

I came up from out of the slime, and I'm now "born again." I know that the pictures and stories in HUSTLER are not healthy. For all the good your magazine does, I'd say that 95% of its material is tearing down the God-



given morals your readers possess. Perversion only serves Satan. —Dorothy Wright  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Can it really be true that the Creator of the Universe, the First Cause, the Prime Mover, also known as the omnipotent and omniscient God, can't take a joke? It seems that one so magnificent could not also be petty. With all the world's problems, God's major concern cannot be good taste.

—John Raymond  
Stowe, Vermont

**Black and White:** I knew HUSTLER and Larry Flynt had balls back in December 1975, when you ran an interracial pictorial (*Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach*), knowing all the heat you'd catch for it back then. Now, nearly five years later, you have really outdone yourselves. Your May issue featured two lovelies for the price of one. Of course, I'm referring to *Maid for Each Other* (bottom photo). Never have I seen two more beautiful females, one black and one white, in such a stunning photo-spread. Again I doff my hat to you.

—Gordon Kabowitz  
Chicago, Illinois

**Review:** I'm confused by your February review of my book, *Ward 81 (X-Rated Reviews)*. The review ends with a two-sentence paragraph that reads as follows: "*Ward 81* is a powerful and shocking, yet deeply sensitive, work that will nag unceasingly at your social consciousness—and that's precisely why you should pick up a copy of the book. The sooner we Americans become more aware of things other than the size of Dolly Parton's breasts, say, the sooner we'll be able to effect real social change in this country."

I wonder if the reviewer has looked at the rest of HUSTLER. The magazine focuses on breasts and female genitalia. HUSTLER's articles and photographs are made with women-as-object values that drive women into Ward 81.

Real social change does *not* proceed from stories and photos of mammary glands and crotches. Publications like HUSTLER hurt women, stimulate violence against women and make most of us ashamed of our bodies.

—Karen Folger Jacobs, Ph.D.  
Berkeley, California

*HUSTLER is as well-known for its efforts toward social change as it is for its pictorials. It's simply absurd to imply that HUSTLER's advocacy of sexual liberation puts women into mental wards. For a more thorough examination of the issues raised, read Women Against Pornography, beginning on page 50.*

**Church Bias:** Your editorial "The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution" (February) contains information very true about today's society. When Pope John Paul



II claims that women cannot become priests, that is prejudice not worthy of God's love.

But as far as homosexuals go, in the Bible (Leviticus 20:13) it says: "If a man also lie with mankind as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death." It seems your outlook on homosexuality is completely wrong, according to the Good Book.

—K. W. Rowe  
Anaheim, California

Everybody now seems to want to quote (or misquote) the Bible. You are right in defending the human equality revealed in the ministry of Jesus. Mr. Floyd M. Gurley's letter in the April *Feedback* ("Religious Feedback") is wrong with respect to the biblical status of blacks and women. His references to gays and women are taken out of context.

But your wrong may be greater than his. In your magazine you have reduced men and women to objects of lust. You have made the act of human sexual intercourse a mechanical performance. Your religious satire is blasphemy! I pray for you.

—John Woolwine  
Durham, North Carolina

In your April *Feedback* section, Floyd M. Gurley responded to your February *Publisher's Statement*, "The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution." He wrote that the Bible was based on discrimination between races and sexes. But all his for- instances were taken from the Old Testa-

ment. He said that women were told to keep their mouths shut; yet the first person to see Jesus when He rose from the grave was a woman. He didn't tell her to shut up; He told her to go tell the others He had risen.

Also, the Negro race may have descended from Cain, who was cursed by God. But once Christ died, *all* sins were forgiven, not just the white man's. Besides, if the white man is so pure, why was Jesus born a Jew?

—K. Hershner  
Galion, Ohio

**Feminist Folly:** Your March *Publisher's Statement*, "Women Against Pornography," almost made me laugh and cry at the same time. If I read HUSTLER, *Playboy* or *Penthouse*, that doesn't mean I'm going to rape somebody. The Susan Brownmillers are the Iranians of America. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

**Family Affair:** It's difficult to understand why you permitted your magazine to be a vehicle for the biased and prudish attack, *Family of Love: Religious Sex Cult* (HUSTLER, March). In that same issue Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* defended the right of anybody to say anything, and you claimed that your magazine helps "to educate people about sex and to eliminate fears about the human body." Yet you let the Family of Love be smeared by disgruntled ex-members, even on the grounds of such widely accepted practices as skinny-dipping!

To employ George Hill, who you say

specializes in religious cults, to do this story is obviously to pass judgment before obtaining the facts. It's like hiring Ms. Susan Brownmiller to review HUSTLER! Did it ever occur to you that the Family of Love may be expressing true feelings of love through the perfectly natural, God-created and beautiful medium of sexual intercourse? Or is sex, in your opinion, somehow dirty if Christianity is involved?

—Kenaz, Family of Love member  
Athens, Greece

*Of course, HUSTLER sees no conflict between Christianity and sexuality. Our report dealt with the exploitation of some Family of Love members, as well as with the use of sex as bait to attract new members and supporters.*

**Mormons:** Well, Flynt, you've done it again! The report on the "Moron" Church, *The Mormons: Latter-Day Saints With a Bloodthirsty Past* (HUSTLER, May), was excellent. It's about time somebody revealed some of the horseshit that goes on with these asinine holy rollers.

I feel that the best part of HUSTLER is its articles, interviews and reports. So how about a sort of "Best of HUSTLER Articles" special edition for all the people who would be interested in reading exposé-type material but are offended by the nude and satiric content of HUSTLER?

—Bill Sullivan  
Moline, Illinois

**Trucking:** Being a trucker myself, I was very interested in Richard Warren Lewis's profile of Mike Parkhurst (HUSTLER, April). It was very good. Mentioned several times was a monthly magazine called *Overdrive*, edited and published by Parkhurst. But nowhere was there any indication of the magazine's address or any clue as to how I can order a subscription. Any information you could furnish me would be greatly appreciated.

—Sam Reinhart  
Tavernier, Florida

*Overdrive* magazine's address is P.O. Box 54078, Los Angeles, California 90054. A subscription costs \$19 a year.

**Nuclear Disasters:** I have just finished reading Gar Smith's article *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You* in your April issue. I found it unnecessarily sensational and ill-timed. It was certainly unnecessary to publish the grotesque and revolting photos of radiation victims. Everybody from Hiroshima to Hoboken is aware of the effect of radiation on human body tissue.

As for the timing, it is inconceivable that any national publication classing itself as a purveyor of intelligent journalism would lash out at an industry that is working hard to help solve the colossal energy problem this nation is facing. Skeptics feared the first electric generator, automobile and airplane. The same fears are associated with nuclear power. Sure its power is frightening; so was





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the idea of man's flying hundreds of feet off the ground.

So, HUSTLER, get off your sensation-prone backside and look to a future of light, rather than another dark age born out of fear and man's hesitation to delve into nature's mighty powers. —Artis D. Thomas, Jr.  
Jackson, Mississippi

*Our article dealt with the very real and well-documented dangers of radiation. Whatever your position on nuclear power, surely you must agree that no good cause is served by hiding the facts. You may consider the pictures "revolting," but it often takes such shocking visuals to show exactly what is happening.*

After reading *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You* (April), I am thoroughly convinced that the government is fucked-up, and I don't want those fucked-up people running my life. I'm young, idealistic, paranoid and poor, but please let me help in any way possible to return this beautiful land of ours back to truthful, caring, knowledgeable human beings. Corruption is the type of obscenity to fight. —Gary Banister  
Erie, Pennsylvania

**Kid Stuff:** I would like to let you know that your April issue of HUSTLER is fucked. You showed a cartoon of a kid shooting up and a picture of a team of kids pulling a car like slaves. Only a fucked-up asshole could have dreamed these up in such a perverted way. I thought HUSTLER did not condone drug

abuse or child abuse. Normally HUSTLER is within reason on such subjects. But these pictures are sick, just like the people responsible for printing them. Just once I'd like to see HUSTLER admit that it fucked up.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Whipped Ass:** I am writing about the photograph you printed of President Carter in your March *Bits & Pieces* section. These are sensitive times for the American people due to the crisis in Iran and the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. It is crucial that we present a united front to the outside world. To show the President nude on his hands and knees being whipped by Senator Kennedy was a vulgar attempt on your part to demean the office of the Presidency. It was also unpatriotic.

There are unsophisticated people who read your magazine who might think that he really posed for the photograph. You have benefited greatly from our system of free enterprise, particularly with regard to freedom of expression. Maybe it's time you began paying your dues.

I'd like to point out that if you lived in Russia, you'd be in Siberia now. It would be nice if you apologized to the President and to your readers for offending them.

—S. DeFrancesco

Richmond Hill, New York

*Are you suggesting that we treat free speech the way the Russians do?*

**Satisfied Customer:** I bought my first copy of HUSTLER a few days ago. I read it from cover to cover, and tried to think of a word to capsule my overall impression. Words like *direct*, *real* and *liberated* all went through my mind. It's good to see a magazine get to the point. When smut becomes humorous and honest, it can no longer be called smut. It becomes part of our awakening to the zest of life.

—Nathen Hunt  
Durango, Colorado

**More on Elvis:** Mad is not the word for how I feel about the *Bits & Pieces* picture of Elvis Presley in the April issue of your trashy magazine. I and millions of other Elvis fans do not appreciate such garbage. I know we are not supposed to judge one another, but I hope Larry Flynt burns in hell for selling this junk.

—Virginia Rapp  
Parkersburg, West Virginia

**Head of the Class:** I recently wrote a college term paper on "Freedom of the Press," in which I defended your Constitutional right to publish HUSTLER Magazine. I just thought you'd like to know that my professor gave me an A.

Don't give up your publishing ventures. If you weren't right about what you're doing, God wouldn't let you do it. I'm not afraid of those idiots who try to keep me from reading HUSTLER. They can just bite the wild hairs off my asshole.

—Frank A. Brugier, Jr.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**Rebel Justice:** As a 20-year-old American male from the South, I was taught certain things about decency that I know are true. Larry Flynt, you're not a man. You're a sadistic little wimp. I wasn't surprised when I heard that someone had shot and paralyzed you. Personally, I wouldn't mind taking you out in the woods and giving you a little "rebel justice" myself. The world would have one less piece of trash if that bullet had found its place in your heart.

—K. D. Rouse  
Norfolk, Virginia

**Mail for Males:** I enjoy your magazine, but I wish you would give us women a break and show more cock. You said you'd do that if you received more "mail for males." Well, here's a letter from someone definitely in favor of more cocks in HUSTLER. So how about it?

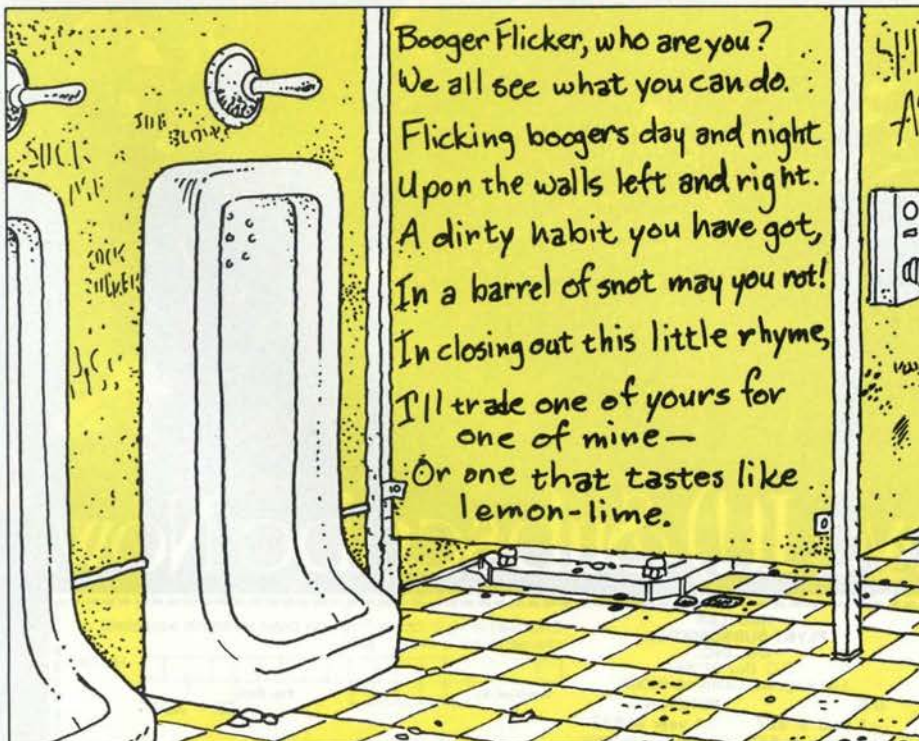
—Linda Swain  
Macon, Georgia

You said you needed more "mail on males" to keep the men in your magazine. Two or three pages of males aren't going to rob your readers of their girlie pictures. I say keep both men and women in your magazine and keep everyone happy and horny.

—C. Moore  
Wilburton, Oklahoma

*For photos of nude male celebrities, check pages 55-57 of this month's HUSTLER.*

# GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO J.R., PITTSFIELD, MA



# **World News Roundup**

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Science has discovered lesbian lizards. David Crews, a Harvard psychologist, says he found a society of all-female lizards that do not require males to sire offspring. He claims the reptiles multiply by a process of asexual reproduction called parthenogenesis. This means an unfertilized egg from a virgin female animal develops into an exact copy of that same female, eliminating the need for a male. Even though these female lizards need no outside help to bear their young, Crews reports that the lizards engage in mock male-female sex, with an active female mounting a passive one and stroking her back and neck.

Elsewhere in the animal kingdom, Japanese bird specialist Yoshimitsu Shigeta will perform a mating dance with a shy female whooping crane. He wants to help preserve this type of bird (which is nearly extinct) by imitating its mating ritual, in the hope that the female will then allow him to artificially inseminate her. Normally, this procedure wouldn't be necessary, but this particular crane, named Tex, was raised by humans--and she won't have anything to do with another crane because she thinks she's human. Since the bird won't mate with one of her own species, Shigeta hopes the dance will arouse her so that she'll accept him as a mate, which might allow the specialist to inseminate her with sperm he will obtain from a male crane. If all this works, Tex will then lay fertile eggs and mother a brood of healthy offspring to perpetuate the species.

According to the "Adult Business Report," a newsletter for the pornography industry, women over the age of 35 rate porn films higher than do younger women. The newsletter conducted a random survey in the Washington, D.C., area and found that 75% of the older women polled liked X-rated films, while only 40% of the younger women shared their elders' enjoyment of adult movies. Those in the over-35 group said they thought the films could be improved by expanding plot lines and adding more love scenes.

A woman in Moline, Illinois, was fired for using her employer's copying machine to take a picture of her bottom. Jodi Stutz, a secretary for John Deere Company, thought it would be funny to make a copy of her rearend; so she dropped her pants and sat on the machine to take a shot. But when her bosses got wind of the escapade, Jodi was told to resign or be fired. "They said . . . it wasn't in the company's best interest to make a copy of my fanny," Stutz said. "I can't believe I got fired over this."

Researchers at Vanderbilt University are working on a male birth-control drug that can be snorted. Dr. David Ravin and a study team have found that the release of a hormone formula called L-H-R-H into a man's bloodstream will, upon reaching the testicles, stop them from producing sperm. The researchers claim that if a man were to inhale the drug through his nose, it would enter the bloodstream through the capillary system that carries blood through his nasal passages and lungs, eventually reaching the testicles. Ravin has not yet released information on how quickly the drug takes effect or how long the effect lasts, but he has reported that no side effects have so far been found. He plans to conduct several more years of research before attempting to market his discovery.

Sex tours for men only, to countries such as Thailand and South Korea, now draw as many as 2 million Japanese males annually, according to a report in a West German newspaper. "Frankfurter Rundschau" explains that almost any Japanese travel agency can book a man into a group tour for between \$300 and \$500. The traveler then gives another \$60 to \$90 to his tour guide, who splits that amount with the owner of the bordello where the tourist winds up. The prostitute who takes care of the customer's needs for three or four days reportedly receives only about \$9.

"Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's dog" may have to be added to the moral code. "The American Bar Association Journal" reports that a British dog-owner has brought legal action against a neighbor for alienating his pet's affections. The dog, aptly named Kinky, preferred the company of the woman next door, who allegedly had been using doggy treats to entice the animal to spend the night with her. The judge granted the dog's owner an injunction to stop the unlawful bribery. 🐕



*Advise & Consent* is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

**Edited by Stephanie Ross**

**Sex and Sports:** I am a 22-year-old guy who plays on a basketball team. My teammates say they can always tell when I've had sex the night before a game, because I don't play so well. Can sex really throw your game off?  
—F. L.

Saint Paul, Minnesota

*Sexual activity the night before participating in an athletic event does not affect one's ability to perform, according to Gabriel Mirkin, assistant professor of sportsmedicine at the University of Maryland School of Medicine. Actually, having sex the night before a game could help you to play better, since people usually sleep more soundly after sexual activity. If, in fact, you are not playing as well after having sex, it could be because of psychological problems.*

**Artificial Insemination:** As a lesbian couple, we are considering having a child by means of artificial insemination. We're wor-

rying about getting sperm from a man with a disease or who is really messed up. How can you tell? Also, are there legal points we should consider?

—H. V. and F. L.  
Ashland, Oregon

Only two states (Oregon and Maryland) and New York City have laws requiring all sperm donors to be screened for venereal or genetic diseases. In addition, different clinics have different standards. You are protected by Oregon law, but women not residing in the areas mentioned above should ask whether the sperm they will be receiving has been checked for transmissible diseases.

The Oregon law further states that after birth the child's legal status is exactly the same as that of a naturally conceived child. The law also specifies that the donor has no legal relationship to the child and that the child has no legal claim on the donor. However, in other states and countries this is not the case.

Be sure to consult a lawyer to avoid legal problems. Also, ask your doctor for any information regarding the donor sperm selected for you prior to your being inseminated.

**Won't Come:** I am a 26-year-old man. I can ejaculate when I masturbate, but I can't when I have sex with a woman. It just won't come! What's causing my problem? —H. F.

Garland, Texas

*In research conducted by famed sexologists Mas-*

*ters and Johnson, some of the factors causing an inability to ejaculate into the vagina were identified as: antisexual upbringing; viewing the vagina as "dirty"; dislike of the sexual partner; homosexuality; fear of causing pregnancy; and fear of being interrupted by children or others during sex (possibly bringing back traumatic memories of being caught in a sex act by one's parents).*

As you can see, a number of different nonphysical factors can be involved, all of which fall under the categories of anxiety, guilt and hostility. If not being able to ejaculate into a woman's vagina is bothering you or causing problems, a qualified sex therapist could probably help you to overcome whatever is causing your difficulty.

**New Entry Port:** My friend tells me he had intercourse with a woman in her urethra. This is the opening she pees out of, isn't it? How could he do it? Neither my girlfriend nor I can believe it. But my friend says he knows the difference between his girlfriend's vagina and her urethral opening, and his cock isn't that tiny! What do you say?

—R. K.  
Blue Island, Illinois

*The urethral opening is located just inside the vaginal opening, and a tiny canal connects it with the bladder. To penetrate this canal with the penis is very rare, but possible nevertheless. Such penetration was first reported in 1921, and more recently in British urology reports. In 1965, 13 such cases were reviewed by the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA).*

*Penetration of the urethral opening usually occurs when an internal disorder makes penetration of the vaginal canal difficult or impossible. You'd think that penetrating the urethral canal would stretch it so much that a woman would have difficulty holding her urine. However, the cases reviewed by JAMA showed the women were able to urinate with relatively few problems.*

**Thinking Small:** I am a 26-year-old woman who has had a lot of lovers, and I prefer men with small penises. I'm not sure why, but I always seem to enjoy sex with them more than with guys who have big cocks. It isn't because I'm afraid of big cocks, is it?

—V. P.  
Houma, Louisiana

*It really isn't any more remarkable that a woman should prefer sex with a man who has a small penis than it is that some men prefer women with small breasts. You may have a fear of large penises, but why worry if it isn't interfering with your overall enjoyment of sex?*

Dr. Mildred Witkin of the Human Sexuality Program at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center in New York City reports that it is not uncommon for women to prefer sexual partners with small penises. She believes that men with smaller equipment try harder. They may engage in more-prolonged foreplay, attempt to exercise



"Harold! Stop teasing the child!"



more ejaculatory control and generally be more sensitive and responsive to a woman's needs.

**Thar She Blows!** As a sexually active 22-year-old male, I am curious to know why fellatio is commonly known as a *blowjob*, when the principal motion seems to be sucking, not blowing. —T. P.

Meadville, Pennsylvania

"Blowjob" is the slang term for fellatio, or sucking a man's cock. Fellatio has its root in the Latin word *fellare*, which does mean "to suck." It's possible that "blowjob" refers more to what the male does as a result of a successful session of fellatio (as in "blowing your wad").

Expressions such as "blowing your stack" or "thar she blows" seem to be closely connected with this usage of the word *blow*. Reinhold Aman, a prominent linguist, agrees with this and adds that the term "blowjob" has only been around for 30 or 40 years. He says it may also have some connection with the 1950s Air Force plane known as the "Blow Job."

**Foot Fetish?** I am a 24-year-old man who likes women's feet. I always hear guys talking about a woman's nice ass, tits or legs. While I admire those parts of the body also, I really admire women's feet. In fact, I've always thought women's feet were sexually stimulating. Do other men think so too? Is there anything wrong with this? —J. P.

Canton, Massachusetts

You'll be glad to know that many men find women's feet attractive. And unless your attraction to women's feet becomes an obsession, this should not be a problem for you. However, some men develop what is called a "foot fetish." The difficulty with a fetish is that it sometimes becomes an all-consuming sexual focal point. The man with a foot fetish often wants to make love only to a woman's feet, even going so far as to ejaculate on them. Since there aren't many women who prefer foot-oriented sex to the genital variety, a man with a foot fetish has a hard time keeping lovers. You are attracted to other parts of the female anatomy though; so you shouldn't have many difficulties because of your fondness for women's feet.

**Warts:** I am a 22-year-old woman who suffers from warts near my vaginal opening. They are driving me crazy! Do you know of any way of getting rid of them? —C. P.

West Mifflin, Pennsylvania

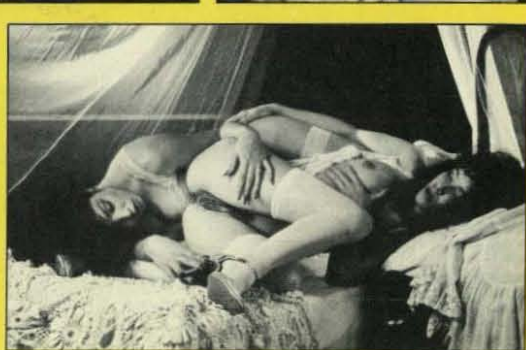
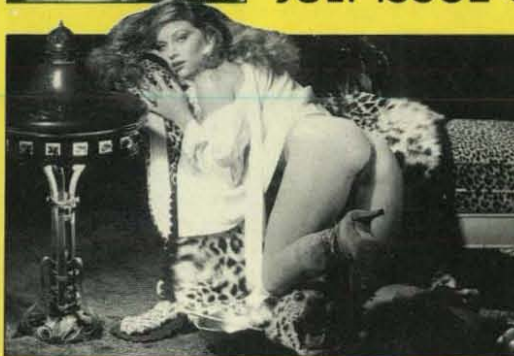
You should see your gynecologist. Venereal warts (condylomata acuminata) are caused by a virus, and you will need medical treatment. (There is no cure, but the treatment will provide temporary relief.) Your gynecologist will probably prescribe an ointment, such as podophyllum resin or fluorouracil, which will make the warts disappear—or at least stop growing.

If you are pregnant, however, these ointments should not be used, as they are harmful to the fetus. Instead, your gynecologist will probably burn or freeze the warts away. Since the virus that



# THIS MONTH IN CHIC

JULY ISSUE ON SALE NOW



**FEMINISTS' WAR ON PORN**—The July issue of *HUSTLER* reports on the raging battle being waged by Women Against Pornography (beginning on page 50)—and if you find that article interesting, then *CHIC*'s is a must. Mark Zussman takes you on a feminist-sponsored tour through New York City's sleaze district, a trip that includes lectures, slide shows and porn shops. Don't miss it.

**EVERYTHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GOLD!**—There are people out there turning panic into gold. Before you get hysterical about the Gold Rush of 1980, read what Lowell Ponte has to say about our most precious metal.

**SEX AFTER DEATH?**—Death may mean the end of our physical bodies, but according to Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, the fucking continues in the spiritual world. *CHIC* sent investigative reporter Robert McGarvey to check out and report on these spooky rumors.

**BOB HANNAH: MR. MOTOCROSS**—Many riders submit to the ball-busting punishment of motocross. But when the dust settles and the paychecks get cashed, there's only one American superstar: Bob Hannah. Joe Scalzo profiles this phenomenon of professional motocross.

**THE MADONNA AND THE SNAKE**—In *CHIC*'s July fiction the "Snake" is a well-hung bodyguard keeping watch over the beautiful daughter of a Latin American dictator. Like any hot-blooded Latino, the hero wants to guard her body—and penetrate it too. It's a hot time in the old banana republic in this sizzling story by Michael Tomczyk.

**PLUS**—An array of beautiful ladies who'll give you a midsummer night's wet dream, the outrageous humor of *ODDS & ENDS* and many features both informative and bizarre in *NEWS REAL*, *CLOSE-UP* and *SEX LIFE*.



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causes warts can be transmitted to a sexual partner, you should avoid intercourse until they clear up.

**New Breast:** I am a 32-year-old woman who had a breast removed a little more than a year ago. I have virtually been hiding from the world since my operation. Even though I have a prosthesis and a special bra that makes it look to others as if I have two breasts, I know I don't, and I can't stand myself. My husband can't take it anymore either, and our marriage is falling apart. What can I do?  
—F. Y.  
Ithaca, New York

During the past few years plastic surgery designed to reconstruct a breast on a woman who has had a mastectomy has improved immensely. It is now possible for doctors to reconstruct a breast closely resembling the one removed. Unlike a prosthesis, which is an artificial substitute that can be removed when you are totally nude, a reconstructed breast is an implant that is very natural-looking. Doctors used to worry that breast-implantation would hamper detection of recurrent cancer. Because of new methods that have been developed, they no longer believe this is a problem.

Modern implantations consist of flexible plastic sacs filled with saline or silicone gel. The implants can be subtly adjusted with air or additional injections. Also, new nipples can be constructed with skin grafts from the opposite nipple, the inner thigh or the vaginal lips.

Breast-reconstruction costs anywhere from \$1,000 to \$6,000 in surgeon's fees. However, Blue Cross, Blue Shield and other medical-insurance companies now consider the surgery to be "rehabilitative" rather than cosmetic, meaning they consider the surgery as being essential to your health. Check your policy to see if it provides such coverage.

Also, you may be interested in the story of a Maryland woman who had a mastectomy at the age of 35 and who refused to let her husband see her naked for seven years. Even in bed she wore her prosthesis and a bra. Recently she had breast-reconstruction surgery, and (as she described it) when she came home from the hospital and showed her husband her new breast, "His eyes filled with tears. He just couldn't believe it, and I felt as if I'd been set free." Breast surgery could be a big help to you and your marriage too.

**Whose Baby?** How long can sperm live inside a woman's vagina after sex? I need the information to determine whether or not a woman I know is pregnant with my child.

—G. P.

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Sperm usually remain alive inside a woman for three to five days after sexual intercourse. However, Dr. Eugene M. Silverman, assistant professor of pathology at the University of Michigan Medical School, has reported that in rare cases sperm have been found alive seven days, and even up to ten days, after sex.

A much-more-reliable method for determining whether or not the child is yours can be done after

birth. There are three blood tests that are used to determine paternity: the HLA (white blood cell), the ABO (blood type) and the haptoglobin (blood protein) tests.

These tests combined will give you a 95% accuracy rate in determining whether or not you are the father of the child.

**Connecticut Nude:** Do you know of any nude beaches or swingers' clubs in Connecticut? My wife and I just moved here, and so far it seems very uptight.

—D. H.

Hartford, Connecticut

For nude bathing you might first try Miller's Pond, which is two miles north of Connecticut College, just outside New London. Hubbard Park in Meriden may also be a good place for you if you like nude bathing along rushing streams. In Ashford there is Hall's Pond, which is off alternate U.S. 44, west of state route 198. (Ask for directions at Ashford Center if you have trouble finding the pond.) In your hometown there is nude swimming at specified hours for your wife at the YWCA.

As far as swingers' organizations go, try Club Unique (P.O. Box 761, Meriden, Connecticut 06450) and Connecticut Socials (P.O. Box 453, West Haven, Connecticut 06516). You may also want to try some national magazines, such as *Seekers* (P.O. Box 781, Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08003) or *Select* (P.O. Box 889, Camden, New Jersey 08101) for swingers' ads.

In addition, Larry Flynt Publications has a new magazine on the stands, and it's the only one in the country with direct-reply addresses for swingers. It's called *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION*, and you and your wife might find the solution to your problem by placing (or answering) an ad in GC's classified section.

**Big Balls:** My girlfriend and I were looking at a copy of a picture that I think was from *National Geographic* magazine. It showed these African men with the most enormous testicles I have ever seen. What could possibly cause this? Is it something they do on purpose?

—H. K.

Dill City, Oklahoma

In the tropics there is a chronic disease called elephantiasis, which is commonly caused by small roundworms called *Filaria*. The worms, usually introduced into the body by mosquitoes, attack the lymphatic channels and cause thickening of certain tissues (usually in the genitals and legs). In advanced stages of the disease the legs resemble those of an elephant (hence its name), and a man's testicles can grow to the size of a beach ball. *Filaria* can be eliminated from the body with serum. But elephantiasis—the disease itself—can't be cured except by surgically removing certain masses of tissue.

Swelling of the testicles can also be caused by lymphogranuloma venereum, which is a rare form of venereal disease caused by a strain of bacteria called *Chlamydia*. This also can only be treated prior to its reaching the elephantiasis stage. However, only surgery can correct the growth of elephantiasis itself.



# Bits & Pieces

**H**USTLER has repeatedly exposed the corruption and hypocrisy of many prominent assholes. We've shown how presidents, religious leaders, media barons and judges have arrogantly abused their control over the lives of ordinary people. So why, you may ask, have we selected an obscure California state senator named Ken Maddy as our July Asshole of the Month?

An ambitious politician who dreams of becoming the next governor of California, Maddy was instrumental in killing legislation that would have allowed public-television programs on sex education to be shown in Los Angeles schools. Even though the bill was passed by the State Assembly, Maddy in effect surrendered to conservative political pressure by introducing a motion to kill the bill while it was still in committee.

Thus, the senator sided with those who said that a vote for the bill was a vote for "pornography and perversion." And he did so in the face of overwhelming evidence that the current epidemic of teenage pregnancies and venereal disease is a direct result of inadequate sex education in both the home and the schools.

A look at such statistics is truly frightening. Forty percent of the 1 million pregnant teenagers in the U.S. are 14 years old or younger. The statistical evidence is so alarming that even the ultracon-

servative American Lutheran Church says the family unit is not fulfilling its function of providing honest sexual information to young people. "We can no longer assume that the family is necessarily equipped to share information about sexuality and facilitate development of sexually healthful human beings," said a church report resulting from an eight-year study of the problem.

We hope that some day repressive sexual atti-

tudes will not be passed down from parent to child. Unfortunately, the fact remains that today's American family is not offering proper sexual education to its children.

That responsibility has now fallen on the nation's schools. But politicians like Ken Maddy are using patently transparent excuses to promote sexual repression.

Maddy and his supporters on the California Senate Education Committee claim that the real

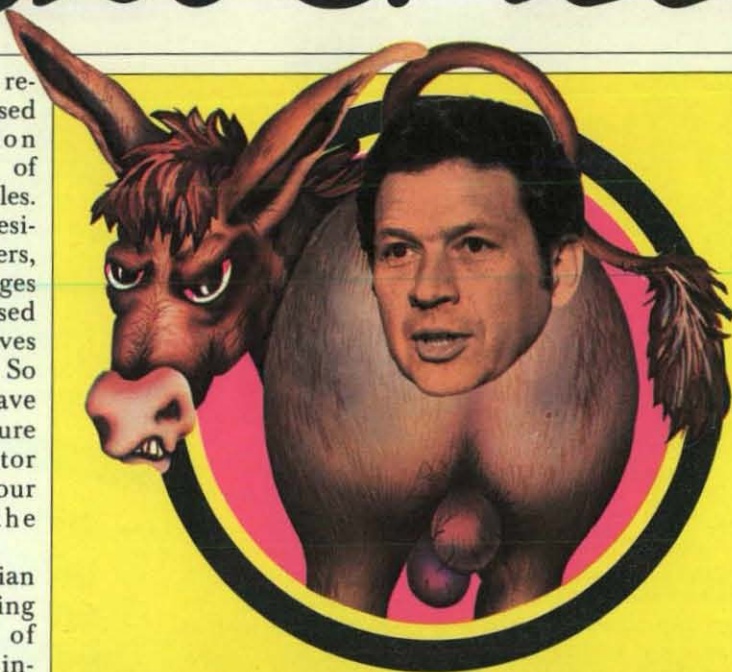
issue is not sexual education itself, but parents' rights to prior review of such material. They say that parents must be able to look at all sexually oriented material before their children see it.

Actually, Maddy and his supporters are hiding behind a smoke screen, since parents have always had the legal right to exclude their children from any classroom discussion of sex and must be notified in advance of any such discussion. And so the majority of students are being penalized merely to accommodate the fears and inhibitions of a few narrow-minded adults.

It's time we faced the truth. Children are being "sexually educated" every day—by their friends, by commercial television, by seductive advertisements—whether their parents consent or not.

One pregnant 12-year-old girl recently told a Purdue University sex researcher that she was sure she couldn't have a baby because her boyfriend said *he* was using an IUD—when, of course, there's no such thing as a male IUD. Maybe that's Ken Maddy's idea of good sex education.

But in our opinion there's a serious need for *more* sexual information, not less. Maybe one day those who are in positions of leadership, people like Senator Ken Maddy, will try to push harder for extensive sexual education in America's schools. The easy way out doesn't work anymore.



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

### Ken Maddy





## Self-Defense

"Stay down or I'll shoot again!" was this terrified man's warning as he held this harp seal at bay. After coming face to face with

the bloodthirsty creature, he was forced to draw his weapon and defend himself. We hope this shocking photo arouses America to stop such senseless brutality and finally clear the beaches of these furry hoodlums.

## You Dirty Dog

There's no food that captures the American imagination quite like the hot dog. According to the Culinary Institute of America, the hot dog in a bun was invented in 1883 by the wife of a Saint Louis sausage-maker named Feuchtwanger (really!). Having noticed that her husband's sausage was often too hot for his customers to handle, she suggested that he place the meat in a bun. Thus began our national hot-dog fetish, and as you can see here, America still likes to bite the big weenie.



## Chicken Hawking

If you're up on your gay slang, you've heard that "chickens" are an especially hot item with older homosexual men on the

prowl. Looking to show our readers a real slice of gay life, we went out to the streets of Hollywood to photograph these

sex objects—and this is what we found. A development like this could even start the Colonel "cruising."

## I Only Have Eyes for You

After a number of customers complained about finding foreign objects in their food, the restaurant manager told the chef, "I want you to keep your eyes peeled." So he did.

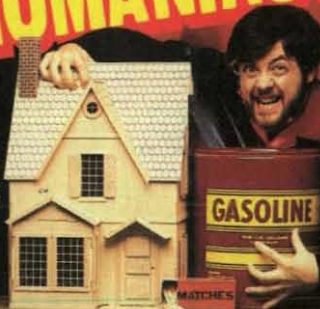




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## Play With Fire

Arson could be fun (and easy too) if toymakers came out with a dollhouse for firebugs. With just a flick of your imagination, this little dwelling would burst into action. Why carry a torch for your burning desire when you could satisfy the urge in the privacy of your own home . . . or what's left of it?

## Now Say "Cheese"

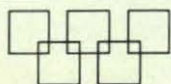
These photographs are from a collection by Joe Gantz called *If It's Done Right It Is*. He published the collection himself, and although the nudes in bizarre settings are not very sensual, Gantz has had a difficult time marketing his book. Dropped by two distributors, it's virtually unavailable except through Joe himself, and he feels the reason is because the

photos tend to upset people.

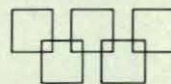
In defense of sexually open material he says, "It seems to me that sexualness is at the center of people's personalities,

and therefore sexually explicit, sexually honest literature is at least as necessary as any other kind of literature." If it's done right it is.

Gantz's book can be purchased for \$6.95 plus a 50¢ handling charge from View Press, Inc. (P.O. Box 367, Bennington, Vermont 05201).



## HUSTLER'S Olympic Preview '80



**Polish Cycling Team**



**Polish Rowing Team**



# Peasant Under Glass

Have things really improved since the Dark Ages? We still feel as though we're being eaten

alive by the government. Our leaders' poor handling of governmental affairs is really put-

ting the bite on us. So we shouldn't be surprised that when this head of state was told the peasants were revolting, he responded, "Let me try one, and I'll give you my opinion."



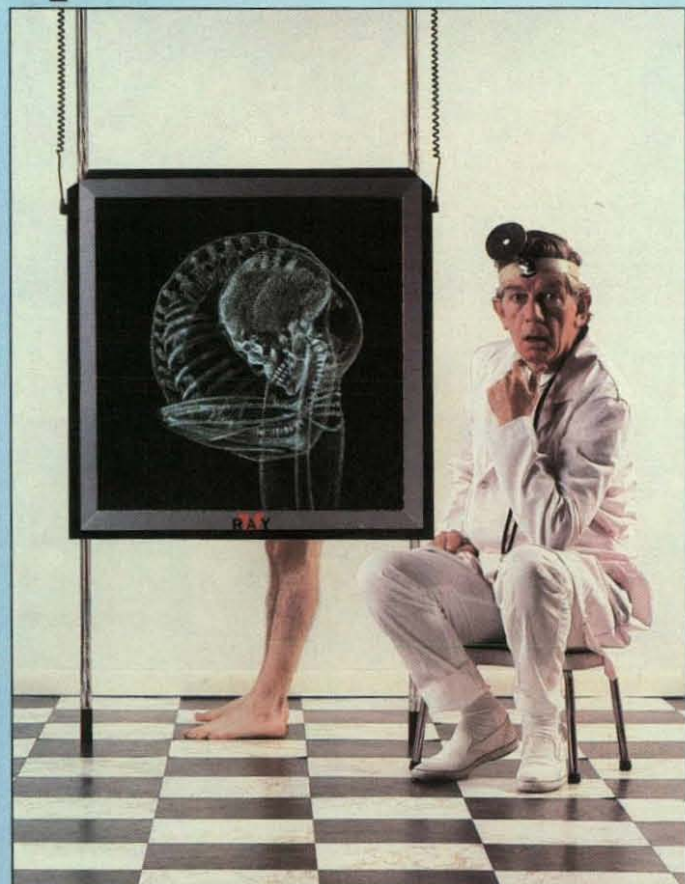
## Sign Language

This "No Assholes Allowed" poster is courtesy of Mike Parkhurst, former subject of a HUSTLER profile (April), founder and president of the Independent Truckers Association and editor/publisher of *Overdrive* magazine.

Always a tough patriot, Mike reminds us that one picture is worth a thousand words. The poster is available for \$2 from *Overdrive* (P.O. Box 54078, Los Angeles, California 90054).

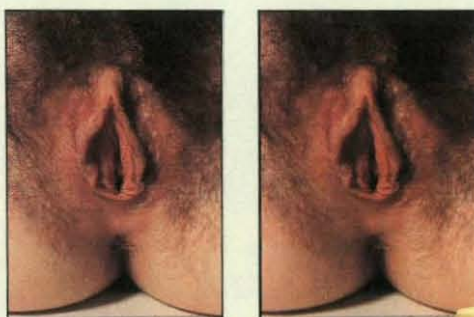
## Head Stuck Up His Ass

When Sigmund Freud talked about what happened to men who were stuck in the anal stage of development, he never mentioned *this*!



## Ads We'd Like to See

### CAN YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE?



These are the beavers of Mrs. Edith Spermizi and her daughter June Ellen, both lifetime users of FUX liquid douche. "My neighbors envy my beautiful cunt and often ask me how I keep it as young-looking as my daughter's," says Mrs. Spermizi. "I tell them I owe it all to the gentle softness of FUX."

**The douche that's finger-lickin' good.**







## Broken Homes

Here we have yet another shocking example of what a broken home can do to a child. When we first heard about the problems of kids from broken homes, we had no idea they were suffering like this!

People are concerned that children may grow up to be delinquents, but we're worried about them growing up at all! The worst product of a broken home isn't a broken heart—it's a broken back.



## Table Scraps

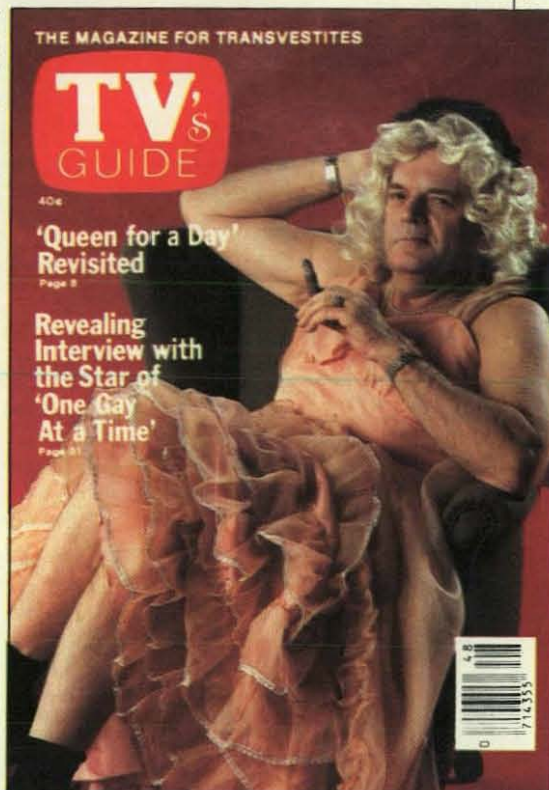
Under every table there's a faithful hound begging for a tasty leftover, but this little panhandler seems to prefer his "cut" fresh.

## Cross Reference

After the furor gays have raised in the past year over two violent movies about homosexuals—*Cruising*, starring Al Pacino, and *Windows*, with Talia Shire—it's obvious that they're interested in having something to say about their roles in the entertainment field. To make things confusing, even transsexuals are coming to the screen, in a touching love story entitled *Vera*, about a man and his sex-change lover.

As for television, it's anybody's guess as to what will happen in the '80s, considering the gay community's increase in size, power and ability to in-

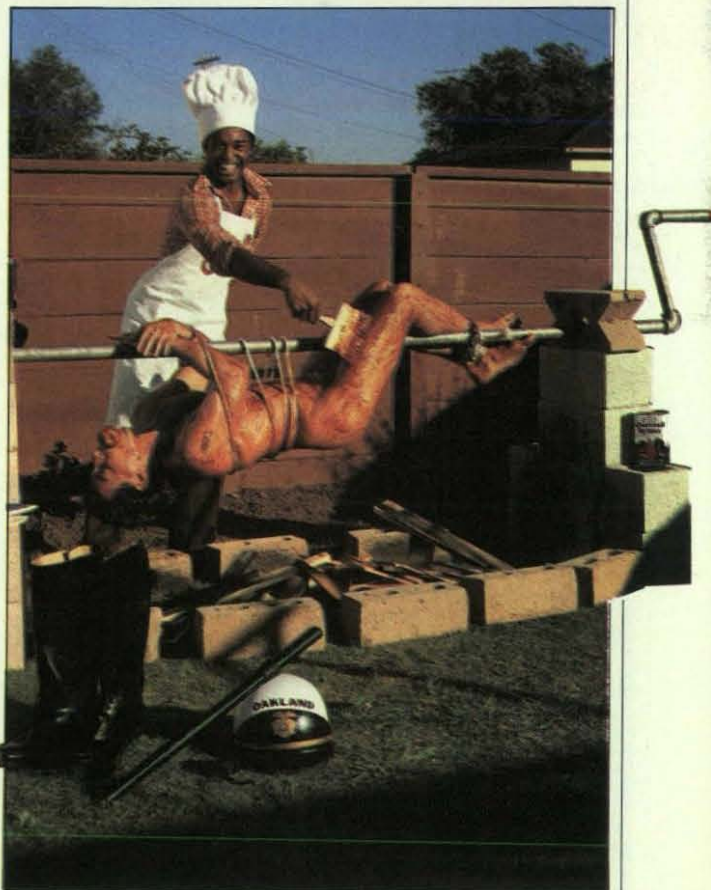
fluence programming. TV's always been a drag, but will guides like this be necessary to keep your viewing straight?



## Burn, Baby, Burn

Talk about a policeman's barbecue! Former Black Panther leader Bobby Seale should be an expert on how to roast a pig. According to news reports, Seale intends to write a book on the subject of outdoor cooking, to be called "Barbecu-in' With Bobby."

We used to think Seale was saying "Waste the pigs!"—but we were wrong. Obviously he was saying "Baste the pigs!"

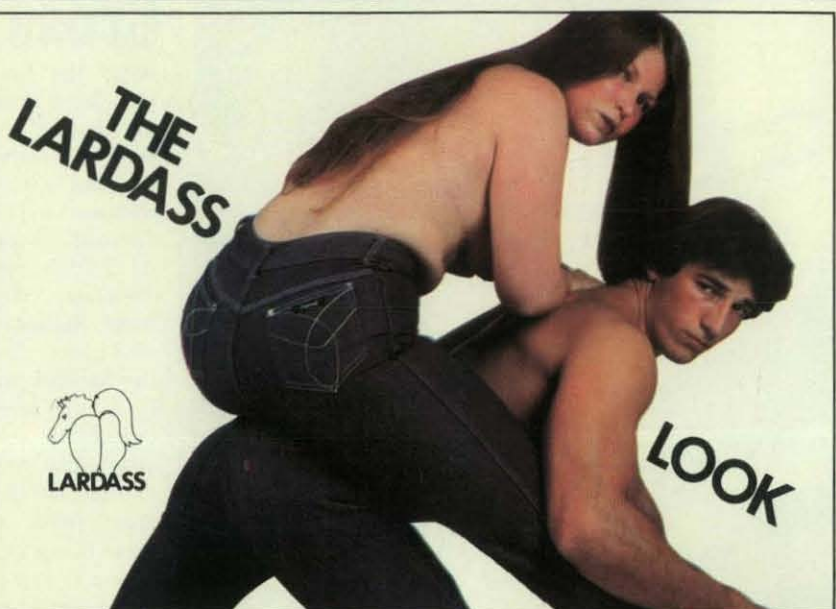






## A Tight Squeeze

Jordache Jeans wants women to believe that when they put on a pair of Jordache pants, they'll look like the model in their ad. This is pure horse-shit. The HUSTLER Reality Patrol has straightened things out by presenting the Lardass Look. This is the way the average American woman would *really* look in a tight-fitting pair of designer jeans. Made for the girl who wants the Jordache look but has the Lardass buns.



## Ali Rematch

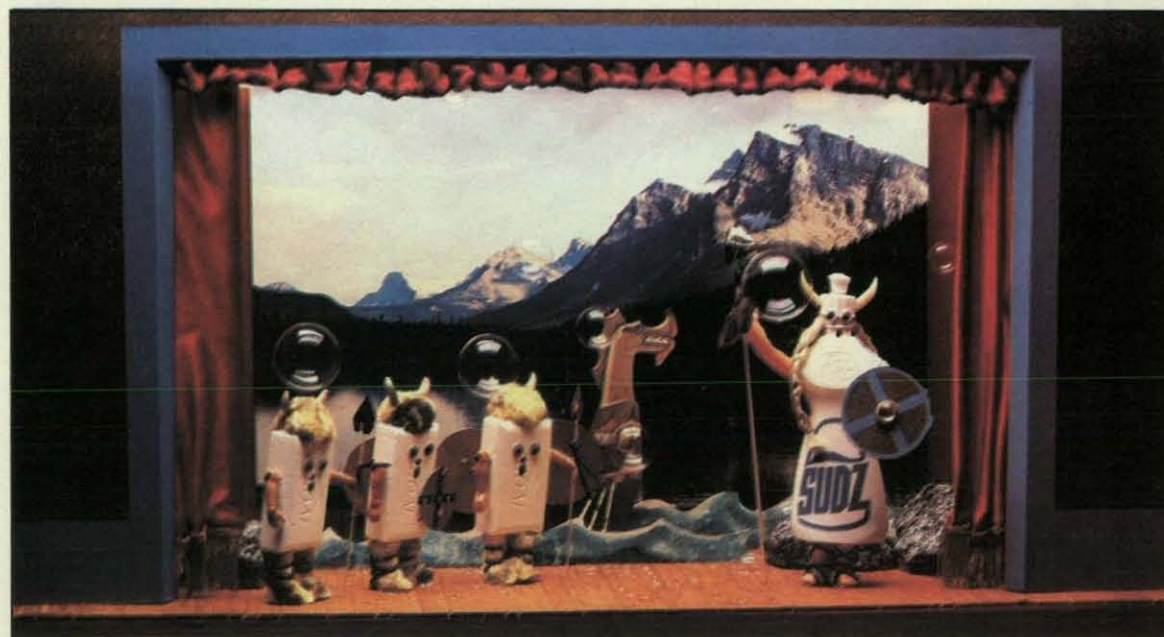


Here's Ali MacGraw again. Last October *Bits & Pieces* showed you just one of her tits. Now, to prove that only HUSTLER can bring you both sides of the issue, we present all of Ali's chest... or what there

is of it. Photographer Nancy Barr caught the actress working hard to keep in shape at Jane Fonda's exercise studio in Beverly Hills. If she did some bust exercises, that shape might be worth keeping.

## Gore Galore

We may have found a new job for Bert Parks. It's with the Outrageous Beauty Revue, held annually at the Mabuhay Gardens nightclub in San Francisco. Touted as a "journey into tacky eroticism," the revue features everything from singing drag queens to the physically disabled getting enemas in the mouth from half-naked nurses. The highlight of the show has to be the finale, when the beauty queen is chosen and, as shown here, appears to be disemboweled. It takes a lot of guts to enter this pageant.



## Soap Opera

All of our bubble-headed friends insisted that we sit down to watch at least one daytime soap opera. Well, we finally watched one, and found it was 99-and-44/100%-pure boredom. So we've decided to wash our hands of clean entertainment. We would prefer to see a dirty movie anytime.



## The First Lezzie

This "queer as a three-dollar bill" poster appeared in *Screw* magazine (116 West 14th Street, New York, New York 10011) after publication of *The Life of Lorena Hickok: E. R.'s Friend*. The book has information indicating that Franklin D.



Roosevelt's First Lady, Eleanor, was a lesbian. Hickok, a famous

reporter, allegedly was Eleanor's lover.

## HUSTLER Update

ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET KING

January '79

Last year we took a look at a booming religious group called the Church Universal and Triumphant and at its leader, Elizabeth King. Since then, the *Los Angeles Times* has reported on the possibility of unusual restrictions on church members. In the *Times* article the former wife of the church's business manager told of staff members' being allowed only two acts of intercourse per week, with a limit of 30 minutes for each sex act. She and others also claimed that married students at the church's Summit University are forbidden to have any sexual contact during the school's 12-week sessions. Unmarried students, reportedly, are not even permitted to touch students of the opposite sex. Summit's dean of students admitted there is a "strong moral code" for staff members and "guidelines" for students, but he denied that sexual activities are being monitored.



## Funny Pages

If you've ever wondered how comic-strip characters get it on, then "Gang Bang," a 50-page parody of funny-paper personalities, is for you. "So White and the Six Dorks," "Lil an' Abner" and "Perry and the Privates" are drawn so well in this first issue, you'll have to look twice. This trip down the Sunday-funnies lovers' lane costs \$5.95 and is published by Nuance, Inc. (P.O. Box 9076, Van Nuys, California 91409).



## Quack Doctors

HUSTLER never ducks an important issue, and quack medicine is no exception. As a public service, HUSTLER warns its readers to watch for these signs of questionable medical practice:

1. Being told to turn your head and honk.
2. Height-and-weight charts that don't measure above two feet or ten pounds.
3. Waiting rooms with ponds.
4. Doctors who accept payment in breadcrumbs.
5. Receptionists with webbed feet.

This list is provided in the hope that the next time you visit a doctor, you won't get soaked.



WILLIE CARTER SPANN  
May '77 and August '79

We first introduced our readers to Jimmy Carter's nephew, Willie, after his conviction for armed robbery. We continued the Spann story by reporting that he was marrying insurance broker Jane Frey at the facility where he was being held. Spann was later released, but was reincarcerated for violating parole after he allegedly beat his wife. From his cell Spann said he intends to end the marriage.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



**Contributors** HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For July, \$150 and thanks to Nancy Barr, Michael Haasis and Dave Patrick. 🐾



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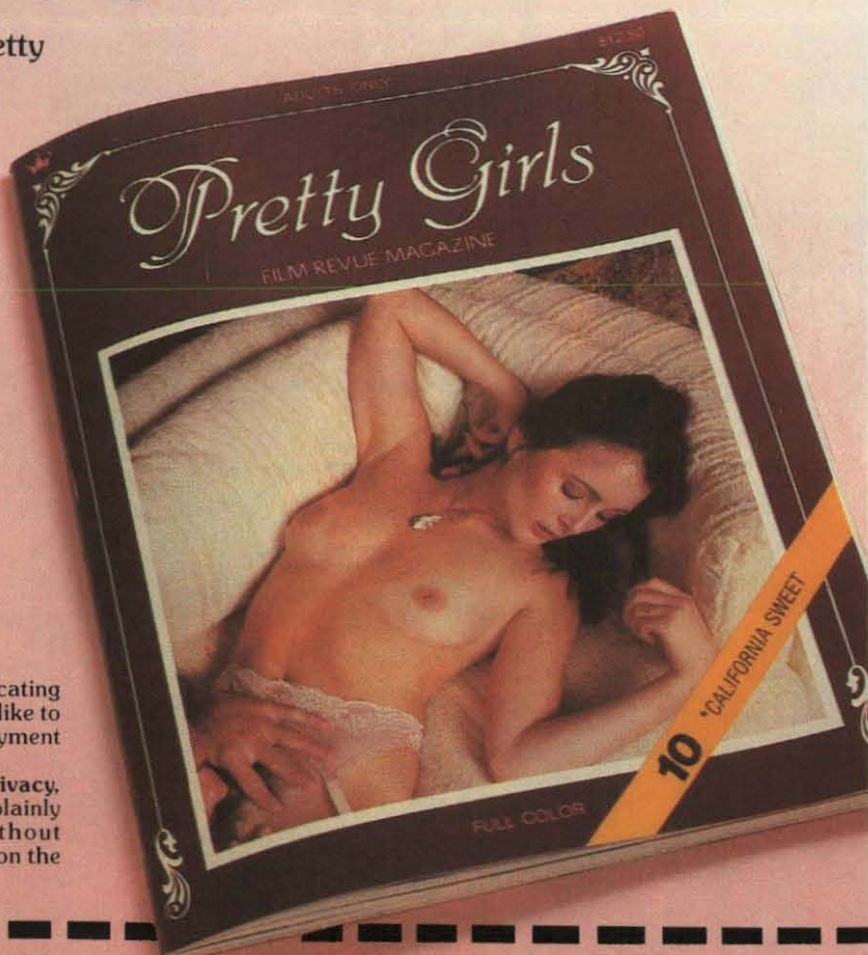
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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressler

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

### Caligula

In addition to its significance as the first hard-core film with the cast and budget of a major motion picture, *Caligula* will convince audiences that the orgies of pagan Rome were not all that legend makes them out to be. Sure, the orgies themselves might have been a blast, but life under a mad tyrant like Gaius Caligula Caesar was precarious at best.

Caligula (Malcolm McDowell), who ruled the Roman Empire from A.D. 37 until he was murdered less than four years later, was overcome by vanity and power. Proclaiming himself an immortal god was only one of several manifestations of his madness.

After all, screwing a virgin bride-to-be and fist-fucking her groom at their wedding ceremony can't be considered normal behavior for any monarch. Nor did it give his military commanders much faith in his sanity when Caligula led them into battle against a field of bushes and weeds.

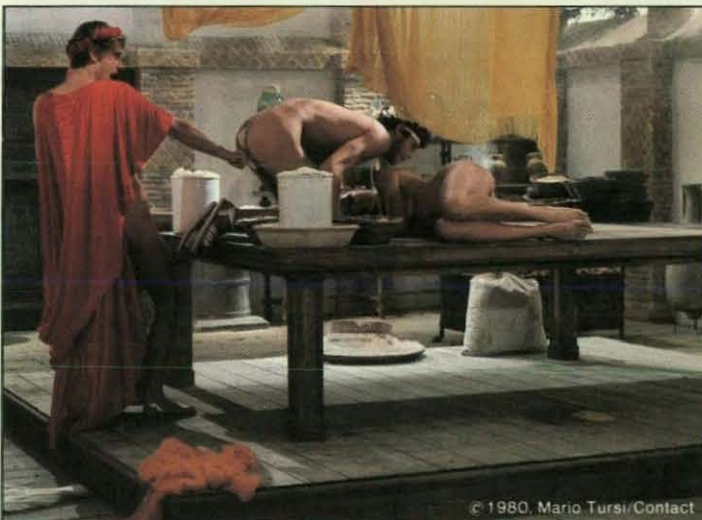
The two-and-a-half-hour film was produced by Franco Rosellini and *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione, who also directed and photographed parts of the epic.

When *Caligula* is erotic—which is not often enough, considering its length—it is tremendous. But I counted only



© 1980, Stan Malinowski/Contact

*Penthouse Films' first production, 'Caligula,' features beautiful women, explicit orgies and disembowelments.*



© 1980, Mario Tursi/Contact

Malcolm McDowell as Caligula, a crazed master of ultraviolence.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE



### ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



### HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



### TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

two scenes that really rated. One of these involves two women who are inspired to perform mutual cunnilingus after watching the emperor fuck both his wife and his sister. The other turn-on is a blowjob that highlights a sex-packed sequence in Caligula's "Imperial Brothel," where the wives of Rome's senators are commanded to serve as whores.

Adapted from an original screenplay by Gore Vidal, *Caligula* is little more than a sensationalized treatment of an insane historical ruler. The narrative is virtually devoid of substance. A crazed despot is simply depicted performing acts of ever-increasing brutality, until the film ends with the emperor's assassination. And the final scene is, strangely enough, designed to elicit sympathy for him.

Is esteemed author Vidal to blame for the weak script? Apparently not. Vidal has dissociated himself from the picture and claims that the final version doesn't correspond to his writing. And, sadly enough, even the presence of such distinguished actors as Peter O'Toole and Sir John Gielgud can't help the silly plot line.

However, for its women, for its effects (including an assortment of disembowelments and





Hillary Summers and Jake Teague cruise in 'The Budding of Brie.'

other tortures) and especially for its attempt to bring top production values to adult movies, I believe Penthouse Films' \$17-million effort deserves a three-quarters-erect rating. But at the unprecedented admission price of \$7.50 (which is what the film fetched when it opened in New York City), *Caligula* is an elaborate waste of time.

—Manny Neuhaus

## The Budding of Brie

If we could have the fabulous '50s back again, the decade would seem sexually incomplete without women like Brie Livingston (Hillary Summers), Cassie Merrymount (Laurien Dominique) and Sabrina (Kandi Barbour). These ladies are among the temptresses featured in *The Budding of Brie*, a period film about the rise to stardom of a baby-faced girl with the heart of a tigress. Although the story seems like a take-off on the classic *All About Eve*, any further comparison with that picture would be ludicrous.

Brie is a waitress possessing an unspoiled, naive-country-

girl look who would "sell her soul" for a chance to meet film star Diana Farnsworth (Jennifer Jordan). Miss Farnsworth's press agent, Ira Daniels (Richard Bolla), buys Brie's soul in the form of a quick fuck, exchanging it for an introduction to the star on the set of her latest movie.

The seemingly luckless waif gets a warm welcome from everyone on the lot but Miss Farnsworth, who describes Brie

as one of the "gushy, dirty little vermin that call themselves fans." It doesn't take long, however, for Brie to become the actress's personal assistant.

In no time, Brie has made her cunt available to Nicky Rococco (Eric Edwards), Farnsworth's director/lover. The starstruck lassie also has a juicy lesbian fling, and through a complex series of sexual alliances and deceptions, she manipulates her way into a bit part opposite Farnsworth. By the end of her "budding," Brie unseats the popular star.

*The Budding of Brie* is packed with everything you ever wanted in a sex film. It's funny—as in a scene in which Rococco hunts through endless layers of petticoats to get to Brie's beaver. And it's erotic—in particular, during a cocktail-party sequence Brie and another girl have an illicit fuck in a pile of fur coats. These are just examples, of course. *Brie* serves up much more of the same.

This film, which comes from the makers of HUSTLER's full-erection-rated *Babylon Pink*, maintains a high degree of excellence for a low-budget movie. The dialogue and acting hardly ever falter. And the '50s props and costumes will seemingly transport you backward in time.

Technically, the film is superb. The mood and richness of its photography, as well as its highly professional soundtrack, actually had this reviewer nostalgic for the "I Like Ike" era. For everyone who remem-

bers the automobile tail fin and hula hoops, *Brie* is a must-see.

—M. N.

## Bon Appetit

*Bon Voyage* might be a more appropriate title for this lush production. The story revolves around a woman named Faith (Kelly Nichols), who travels across two continents in an attempt to meet an unusual challenge: Within 50 days she must find, fuck and forget the world's ten best lovers. Her reward for completing this pleasurable task is an even-more-gratifying \$250,000 in cool cash, offered by the wealthy and somewhat eccentric Mrs. Tillman (Gloria Leonard).

To document Faith's conquests, Mrs. Tillman dispatches a photographer named Scott (Randy West), who reluctantly agrees to accompany the girl on her journey. By the time Faith balls her way across the United States and Europe, she and Scott have become lovers.

After nine conquests and with only a few days left to fulfill the last part of the challenge, Faith decides that her love for Scott is more important than money. *What a dope*, you're probably thinking. But don't jump to conclusions. Faith gets the money without having to fuck another man. That's a riddle you can solve only by seeing *Bon Appetit*.

Few films contain more sex than this one. However, in planning this global manhunt



Kelly Nichols heads the cast of the brilliantly erotic 'Bon Appetit,' a fuck film of superior quality.





'Bon Appetit' is a classic from veteran porn director Chuck Vincent.

the producers made a few glaring oversights. For one thing, there are too few women featured, even though the flick does contain an orgy scene.

The best sequence, in fact, involves a threesome with two lovely ladies—Samantha Fox and Merle Michaels. But the story is primarily built around Kelly Nichols, whose considerable talent and physical appeal just can't sustain the entire production. Also, most of Faith's male lovers are so cute, you'll think they were recruited from a gay bar.

On the positive side, veteran porn director Chuck Vincent has created an opening sex scene that rivals the brilliant beginning of his *Jack 'n Jill*. In *Bon Appetit* the camera pans to a couple on a squeaky bed. No other effects, no music or dubbed moans, clutter up the soundtrack. Instead, the creaks of the wooden bed frame gradually pick up speed and intensity until they become the very measure of the lovers' passion. The scene is simultaneously funny, realistic and extraordinarily erotic.

Overall, *Bon Appetit* is that rare fuck film of superior technical quality that will bring out the wanderlust in everyone. I highly recommend it. —M. N.

## Female Athletes

If sex films were a sport rather than a business, *Female Athletes* would be strictly

bush league. Athletic-minded people may flock to see it because of its title, but what they'll find is an X-rated movie that hopes to cash in on unbridled enthusiasm for the Olympic Games.

Instead of focusing on women involved in athletics, *Female Athletes* is the story of sports-magazine publisher Linda Hamilton. Playing the leading lady, the ever-alluring Annette Haven turns toward the camera and says, "You're probably wondering how a woman gets to the top in this so-called man's world." And like it or not, the weary viewer finds out.

*Sports Life*, we learn in a flashback, was once a dying magazine, and Linda was an editor whose tireless efforts to save it included giving blowjobs to the publisher, Derek (Paul Thomas). After a great deal of thought—and a quickie in the woods with fellow jogger Larry (Jesse Adams)—Linda decides to devote *Sports Life* to all forms of competition between men and women.

The new approach saves the magazine, and Linda is able to suck her way into a full-blown

partnership. Her next move is to take the publication over entirely. She does so by marrying Derek, and the film winds up with the traditional orgy—Derek's wedding present to his cute new bride.

*Female Athletes* has all the markings of a hastily made sex-ploitation film. In one particularly foul sequence, Desiree Cousteau portrays a fencing student who, along with her instructor (John Holmes), joins Ms. Haven for some post-match foreplay. The scene is so clumsily shot, it looks like part of a cheap peep-show loop.

One thing in the picture's favor, however, is that it hardly skips a frame between fuck scenes. The story is the essence of simplicity (and simple-mindedness), perfectly geared to nonstop lust. Various scenes offer sex in such sports as fencing, swimming, billiards and the martial arts, but all with appallingly little finesse.

On a technical level, *Female Athletes* is just good enough to escape negative criticism. It could be called representative of the middle-grade mediocrity that comprises the bulk of adult films. —M. N.



Alluring Annette Haven in 'Female Athletes,' a bush-league film.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

### Erection

**Fantasy Island**  
**Her Name Was Lisa**  
**Legend of Lady Blue**  
**Sensational Janine**  
**Star Virgin**  
**The Ecstasy Girls**

### Three-Quarters Erect

**Blonde in Black Silk**  
**800 Fantasy Lane**  
**Frat House**  
**Heavenly Desire**  
**Jack 'n Jill**  
**Ms. Magnificent**  
**Pro Ball Cheerleaders**  
**Satin Suite**  
**Serena**  
**Tangerine**  
**Tigresses—and Other Maneaters**

### Half Erect

**Bangkok Connection**  
**Chopstix**  
**Double Your Pleasure**  
**For Richer, For Poorer**  
**Fulfilling Young Cups**  
**Hot Legs**  
**John Holmes, Superstar**  
**Olympic Fever**  
**Robins Nest**  
**Screwple**  
**Taxi Girls**  
**Telefantasy**  
**The Pleasure Shoppe**  
**The Sensuous Detective**  
**Two Sisters**

### One-Quarter Erect

**Dracula Sucks**  
**Hot Rackets**  
**Inside Desiree Cousteau**  
**More Than Sisters**  
**Mystique**

### Totally Limp

**Candy Goes to Hollywood!**  
**Carnal Highways**  
**Hardcore**  
**I Am Always Ready**  
**Sweet Savage**  
**Three Ripening Cherries**  
**Tropic of Desire**



# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## Ripoff: The Corruption That Plagues America

By Steve Allen, with Roslyn Bernstein, Ph.D., and Donald H. Dunn; Lyle Stuart, Inc., 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094; \$9.95

The multit talented comedian isn't being funny this time. Steve Allen has a six-pound hammer in each hand, and he's out to kill a monster that's really eating up this good place we live in. It's disturbing to confront the fact that most people shrug off crooked business and government practices as if that's the way things are supposed to be. In this country petty theft is taken lightly; we wink at shoplifters in action.

Corruption is the name of this monster, and it's the one thing that can destroy us when Russians or Arabs or earthquakes or aliens from outer space cannot. Dammit, stealing is stealing, whether it's dropping a slug into a vending machine or pulling off a major bank heist. Cheating is cheating, in kindergarten or at West Point. Lying is lying, whether you told Mom you got that bike from "a friend" or you "forgot" to tell a Senate committee that you still own shares in a large corporation.

Somehow the tide has to be turned before it drowns us all. Surely the Abe Lincoln-type kid who'll walk six miles in the snow to return some loose change has not died out in America. But if he is disappearing, we'd better replace him. And if he's an endangered species, we'd better protect him.

It's national survival Allen is writing about, and that means no less than the survival of humanity itself. If this country goes down, the rest of the world will go down with us. The one certain way to make that happen is to let the bad apple of corruption rot the whole barrel.

Allen hits hard. He hits rip-off corporations and auto mechanics, advertising agencies and plumbers, congressmen and physicians. And me. And you.

But Steverino has answers as well as indictments. None of the answers, however, is easy or quick. Religion isn't it; many of the worst corruptors are regular churchgoers. Education isn't it, unless some way is found to teach honesty both in the home before the kids get to school and in the schools before they get out to run things.

The answer is for us to get mad and to make up our minds that we'll see corruption when it happens and stop it dead in its tracks. As the comic-strip character Pogo Possum once remarked, "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

Read this book. If it gives you hope, you could save us all.

## Lisanne: A Young Model

By Betsy Cameron; text by Diana Lewis Jewell; Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$10.95

This is the handbook for kiddies who want to get into a department-store catalog and maybe, just maybe, wind up on the cover of *Seventeen* magazine. The text is presented in a first-person style, as if it were written by 14-year-old model Lisanne Falk (which it isn't), and there are numerous profes-



Lisanne and Brooke Shields (right) display their innocent young flesh.

sional shots taken by photographer Betsy Cameron.

Much of the book is hype in praise of the Ford Agency, New York City's top-flight merchandiser of this type of innocent young flesh. According to the book, Lisanne loves it at Ford, and she finds her work "chal-

lenging." She describes her initiation into the trade, her training, her first assignments and how she felt about it all.

Through Lisanne's eyes you see the formation of a world view that consists of being young and pretty, describing oneself as a certain dress size or



Lisanne—seen posing here with Brooke Shields and alone—is at once both a child and a woman.





'Sexual Secrets: The Alchemy of Ecstasy' is the definitive guide to sex and mysticism. The book includes more than 600 drawings packed into nearly 400 pages.

shoe size, or being the perfect match for a slot in the world of fashion, such as "Junior Miss" or "Miss Teenage America."

We don't see, by way of the bubbly words put into Lianne's mouth, any growing recognition in the young model that she might be, or might be becoming, a *person*. She'll soon find herself in a universe where none of the things concerning modeling matter a damn.

We just can't help being reminded of the guy whose wife always referred to him as "a model husband." This pleased him mightily—until he was moved to look in the dictionary, where he found the word *model* defined as "a small imitation of the real thing."

## Ordeal

By Linda Lovelace, with Mike McGrady; Citadel Press, 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094; \$10

This is a horror story—a real-life, modern-day horror story. If you can believe it, that is.

*Ordeal* describes Linda Lovelace's transformation from a fairly normal young lass into "the actress who made porno chic." And how did she undergo such a remarkable transformation? As Lovelace puts it, she was beaten, hypnotized, raped, and threatened with death.

If you don't believe her story, then you'll be asking yourself a lot of questions about why this book exists at all.

Confession is supposed to purge the soul. Now that her book has been published, does Lovelace feel she has released

the demons lurking within her subconscious? Somehow I doubt it.

Yet Lovelace—who made the term "deep throat" a part of our popular culture—doesn't spare herself one bit. Her absolute candor is extremely startling. She doesn't defend herself any more than she really explains herself.

In *Ordeal* Lovelace reports that she was the victim of a sadistic pimp and claims that she couldn't escape. Nevertheless, all around her were people who could and did leave similar situations. One is tempted to stick a label on her: masochist. But that's not quite an adequate explanation. Many masochists are happy doing their thing, but there is no joy in this autobiography—just pain, and lots of it.

*Deep Throat*—the pivot of this book and Lovelace's life—comes off as a lighthearted triviality that, in the long run, probably did a tremendous amount of good. There's no denying that the film, which directly confronted this country's antiquated antipornography statutes, was a major phenomenon of the 1970s. That it may have come out of such a welter of agony and degradation is the most disturbing thing of all.

## Sexual Secrets: The Alchemy of Ecstasy

By Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger; Destiny Books, 377 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016; \$12.95



Linda Lovelace in 'Deep Throat': Was it an 'Ordeal' of degradation?

There are times when a reviewer wants to climb the walls in sheer frustration because he isn't given space to say enough about a once-in-a-lifetime book. And that's the way I feel about *Sexual Secrets: The Alchemy of Ecstasy*, a nearly 400-page volume that describes, in vivid detail, the spiritual aspects of sex in the Far East.

The publisher sums the book up very well: "*Sexual Secrets* is the definitive and all-encompassing guide to sex and mysticism. No book of this magnitude has ever appeared on the subject... It is meant to be experienced as well as read, for it is the sharing of ecstatic love that unlocks the sexual secrets."

Author Nik Douglas spent eight years in the Himalayas, learning Tibetan and Sanskrit in order to translate ancient erotic texts. And artist Penny Slinger has provided more than 600 drawings, including nearly 100 sexual positions from classic Indian sex manuals like the *Kama Sutra* and *Ananga Ranga*, books reputed to bring their readers to new heights of ecstasy.

Unlike Western attitudes toward sex, which stress mere pleasure, the Eastern view is that no person is complete without a full understanding of the sexual principles underlying all existence.

According to Douglas, Eastern traditions make use of the mystery of sexuality as a means to the experience of Unity. "The feeling of Oneness, achieved during or following the sexual act, is the most universally accessible mystical experience."

But no amount of description is going to do for you what this book will do. The big (9" x 12") soft-cover volume is a giveaway at the price. What it gives away is sheer enjoyment, no matter what your taste—assuming, of course, that sex interests you. (And if it doesn't, why are you reading this magazine?)

If it's pictures you want, or if you've always been looking for something new to try, or if you've always wanted to learn about the religious aspects of sex in Japan, China, India, Nepal and Tibet, then this book is right up your alley. 🍌



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You meet her at a party, and there's only one way to describe her smell—*exciting*. The heady scent she gives off is driving you wild with desire. Maybe she's not gorgeous, but that doesn't matter; the chemistry clicks. Whatever makes your blood boil with passion and your prick stand up with delight, she's got it. And to make it all even better, you seem to be having the same sensual effect on her.

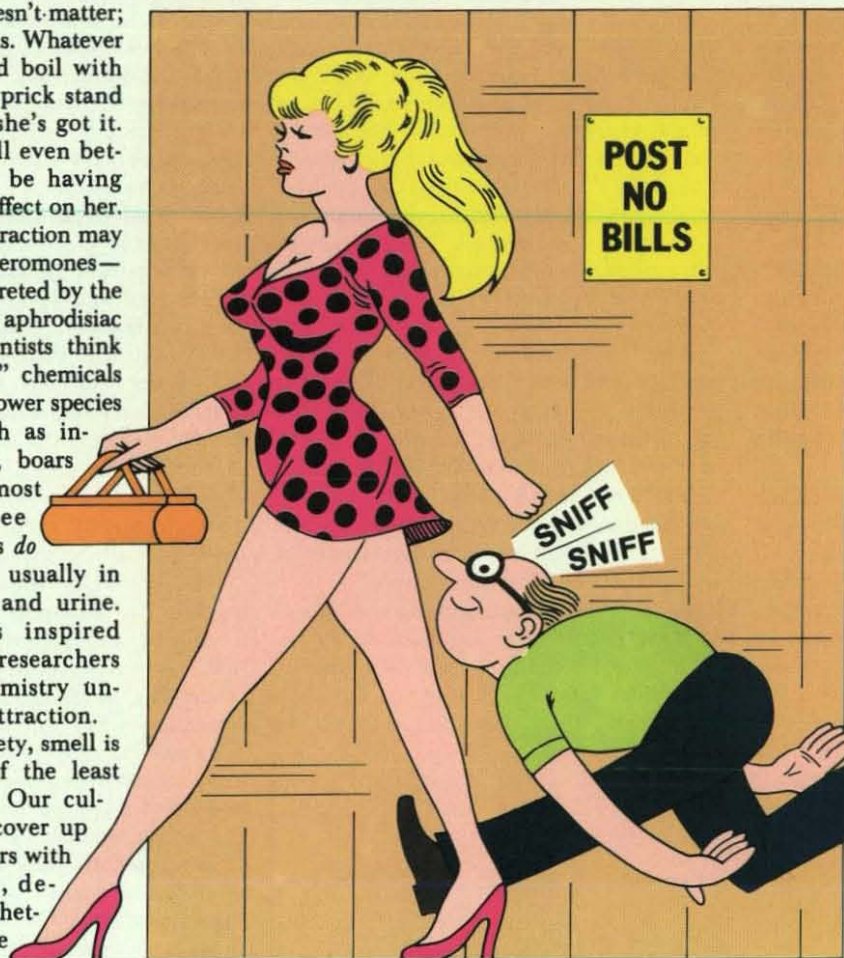
Your mutual attraction may be caused by pheromones—odor molecules secreted by the body that have an aphrodisiac effect. A few scientists think these "love-potion" chemicals are found only in lower species of creatures, such as insects, mice, dogs, boars and apes. But most researchers agree that pheromones *do* exist in humans, usually in our perspiration and urine. This belief has inspired several teams of researchers to study the chemistry underlying sexual attraction.

To most of society, smell is considered one of the least important senses. Our culture attempts to cover up personal body odors with antiperspirants, deodorants and synthetic aromas. We've learned to develop reactions to sexual situations based primarily on our senses of sight and sound. But, as naturalist W. H. Hudson once noted, "Smell is more emotional and stirs the mind more deeply than seeing or hearing."

There's a basic biological explanation as to why the sense of smell is more "emotional" than our other senses. The answer lies in the complex structure of the brain. While other senses relay their signals to the brain via an indirect route, the nose is directly connected to emotion centers deep inside the brain's core. This inner region, known as the limbic system, used to be called "the nose brain" and is responsible for generating our most intimate feelings.

Human odors originate mainly in apocrine sweat glands, which are located all over the body. They are largest

*Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*



## PHEROMONES: SEX & SMELL

by Jack Owen Jardine

and most numerous, however, in six main areas: the armpits, chest, crotch, outer ears, eyelids and the area immediately around the mouth, including the lips. Specifically, apocrine glands in the groin and armpits are believed to give off a bit of pheromone with every drop of sweat.

According to British researcher D. Michael Stoddart, a lecturer in zoology at King's College of the University of London, it's significant that sweat-gland activity appears at the onset of puberty. This fact, says Stoddart, strongly suggests that body odor is linked

with sexual development.

The relationship between sexuality and smell is an ancient one. In many primitive cultures, vegetable juices that smelled like crotch odor were believed to possess powerful aphrodisiac qualities. In the early 19th century a scientist named C. T. von Seibold conducted experiments proving that odors emitted by female insects were used to seduce male bugs. And Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, an associate of Sigmund Freud, regarded the nose as our most important sexual organ.

But most of what we actually know about scent-signals has been discovered only during the last decade. In the late 1960s pheromones were isolated for the first time in some lower forms of animal life. They were characterized as tiny molecules that exit the body, circulating in the air just as their chemical cousins, hormones, circulate in the bloodstream.

Pheromones are specialized odor molecules that carry informational "cues." These signals are subconsciously perceived by the body's central nervous system and are used for a number of important functions.

Insects use pheromones to mark their food trails as well as to attract mates. Many species, including dogs, spray urine scents to define the boundaries of their living space. Other animals have scent-markers on dif-

ferent parts of their bodies—rabbits under their chins, and cats on their foot pads, for example—which they use to maintain social pecking orders within their group. All these scents are imbued with pheromones in various forms and concentrations.

Some pheromones are called copulins, because they signal a specific command to copulate. In 1970 there was a flurry of interest in these substances when a series of studies on monkeys established the presence of pheromones in primate vaginal fluids. In fact, one team of scientists smeared copulins on female



monkeys whose sex organs had been surgically removed. Even then, male monkeys sniffed the chemical and were sexually aroused.

But the real excitement came in 1974, when copulins were found in the vaginal juices of human females. In a test that garnered a lot of media attention nearly one-third (14 out of 47) of the women in a female test group secreted so many copulins that they were termed "high" producers.

Doctors who have been investigating the effects of copulins on humans frequently disagree on their findings. Some say that copulins merely hint at what *might* happen between men and women rather than force things to occur. Psychologist James Hassett stated that the effect of copulins may be "more like that of an encouraging smile than [of] an aphrodisiac drug. . . . It's clear that the more intelligent the animal, the more subtle the messages transmitted by odors become."

Today scientists are continuing their controversial pheromone studies in hope of discovering the perfect nasal love potion. In many cases sex researchers have received large grants from the perfume industry, which will undoubtedly reap a fortune when a proven come-on cologne is developed.

Experiments with pheromones over

the last decade reveal that male odors apparently have as much (if not more) of an effect on females as female odors have on men. Women are particularly sensitive to the smell of musk; both men's urine and armpit sweat have a heavy musky scent, although very few men can sense their own musky odors.

Since the mid-1970s musk oil has been added to after-shaves, colognes and perfumes in an attempt to excite women's sense of smell. One ad for a men's musk-oil after-shave by Jovan claims its scent is "unmistakably male" and will "arouse her basic animal desires." Slapping some of this lotion on your face, says the ad, "may not put more women into your life, but will probably put more life into your women."

Another well-known fragrance company, Yardley of London, is offering a musk-based soap and after-shave for sale. The ad copy extolling the pleasures of Yardley's product says, "Everything you've ever heard about musk is true. It's been called a passion stimulant. An attractant. It's even been described as sexy. Exciting. And irresistible."

Because perfume companies sell most of their products to ladies, they try to appeal to the feminine nose. Many companies doctor their fragrances with musky-smelling compounds such as

exaltolide, which is a substance found in male urine. The marketing of these products is a clever deceit; after all, a woman will probably buy a perfume that arouses her even if it does have a slight masculine aroma.

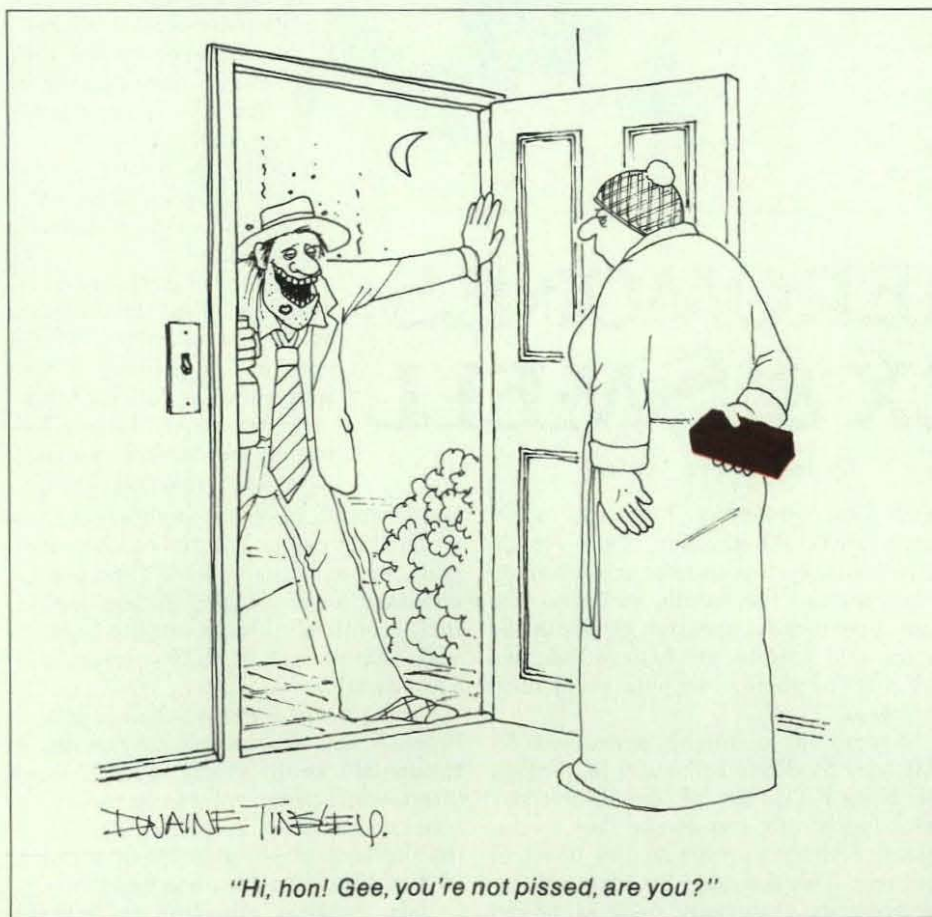
A company in Chicago is even merchandising a cologne called "Pheromone," which is aimed at "the woman who makes life an adventure." Selling at \$200 an ounce, it's one of the most expensive fragrances currently available. Although touted as "the world's most precious perfume," it actually contains no trace of real pheromone—just a mixture of more than 150 herbal and floral scents.

When actual human pheromones can be isolated and synthesized, the world may undergo a sexual revolution, as it did when the birth-control pill came into being. In the future, injections, ointments and capsules could be used to supply people with the sweaty smell of sex-cess. Lonely guys could become sex objects, and previously unpopular single girls might find themselves surrounded by dozens of horny suitors.

The ability to sense and respond to human pheromones apparently varies from person to person. For some individuals this susceptibility may be stronger at certain times than at others. But if you know what you're doing, these substances—both your own natural odors and their synthetic equivalents—can be used to change the odds in favor of making sexual chemistry work.

One obvious ploy is to give the lady you want to score with a bottle of musk-based perfume. Or you can rub some musk oil on yourself before you meet your date. These scents, unfortunately, are usually rather costly items. Be prepared to spend a few bucks, because those dime-store perfumes and cheap "body oils" without musk just won't do the trick.

Another technique involves using your own natural smells. This can be done by transferring some crotch sweat to the side of your neck before embracing a woman. The trick is to get a sample of the smell to her early in the game. Recently chemists in England isolated and identified a pheromone-type compound (called alpha androstenol) in perspiration near the groin. This compound, which smells remarkably like sandalwood, is closely related to sex hormones in terms of molecular structure. Besides, you know how good your fingers smell after you play with a wet cunt; chances are your juices smell just as good to a woman. Why not give this method a try?—and let us know if it works for you. 🐼



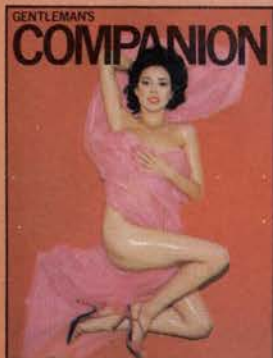


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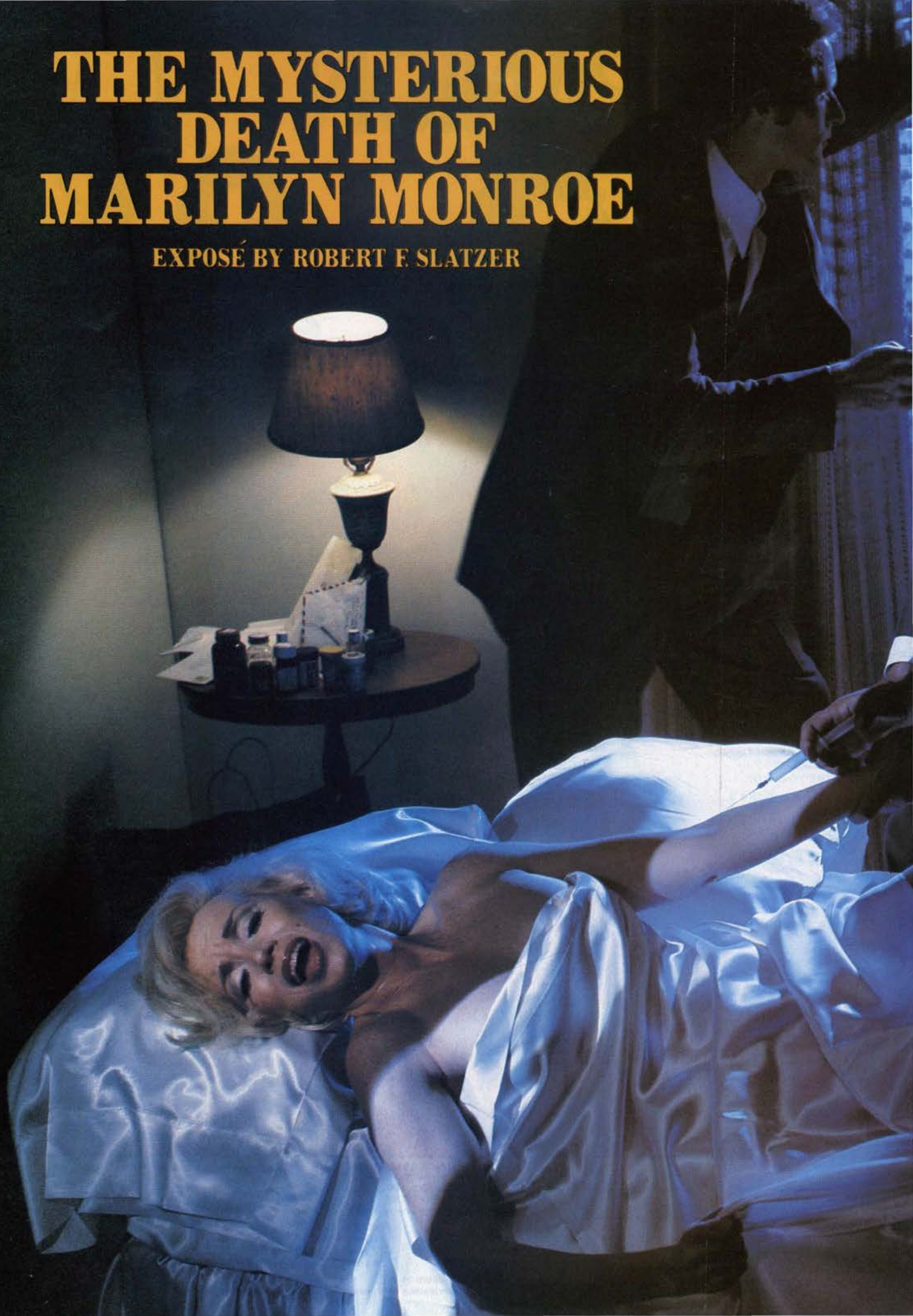
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# THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE

EXPOSÉ BY ROBERT F. SLATZER







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Photograph by Matti Klatt



Eighteen years after her tragic death at the age of 36, authorities still maintain that Marilyn Monroe killed herself by swallowing an overdose of sleeping capsules. The official findings of the Suicide Investigation Team state that she consumed 47 Nembutal capsules, enough to kill several strong horses.

From the beginning I felt there was no way Marilyn could have committed suicide. Now I can prove that she was murdered—and that evidence of this homicide was suppressed to protect President John F. Kennedy and his brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy.

Precisely at 4:25 a.m. on Sunday, August 5, 1962, Sergeant Jack Clemmons of the Los Angeles Police Department took the preliminary information relating to Marilyn's death over the telephone at the West Los Angeles station house. According to the police report, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, Marilyn's internist, was calling to report the death of his star patient, America's dominant sex symbol of the 1950s. Minutes later, driving his squad car to Marilyn's home in suburban Brentwood, Sergeant Clemmons thought wistfully about the sexy platinum blonde he had seen on magazine covers, on pinup calendars and in movies like *The Seven Year Itch* and *Some Like It Hot*. His reaction then was like

everyone else's later that day: He found it hard to believe she was dead.

Pale-faced and trembling, Mrs. Eunice Murray admitted Clemmons to Marilyn's one-story, Spanish-styled residence at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. "She's in the bedroom," said the actress's housekeeper/companion. "The doctors are in there with her."

"What time was the body discovered?" Clemmons routinely asked.

Mrs. Murray replied that she had awakened about midnight. She became concerned when she saw a telephone cord running under the door into Marilyn's locked bedroom. She immediately called Dr. Ralph Greenson, Marilyn's psychiatrist. When he arrived at the house, Dr. Greenson gained entrance to the bedroom by breaking a pane of glass in the side window. He told Mrs. Murray to call Dr. Engelberg, who after his arrival at the scene pronounced Marilyn dead.

"How long have the doctors been here?" Clemmons asked Mrs. Murray.

"Since about 12:30 a.m.," she said, leading him into the sparsely furnished bedroom where Engelberg and Greenson sat quietly beside the corpse. Marilyn's nude body was stretched out diagonally across a double bed, face-down, with a sheet pulled up a few inches above the neck, just beneath her

tousled hair. Gently pulling back the sheet, Clemmons noticed her purplish flesh—normally a sign that a body has been dead for several hours. *Something is strange here*, Clemmons reasoned, carefully replacing the sheet.

"Why did you wait so long before letting us know about this?" he asked.

Dr. Greenson said nothing. Dr. Engelberg muttered an answer that made no sense to Clemmons. The two physicians sat there in silence as the police officer made a second inspection of the body, noting that Marilyn's legs were situated parallel to each other.

With a measured voice he asked the doctors whether the body had been moved from another area of the house. Dr. Greenson assured him that it had not been touched. "What was the cause of death?" Clemmons asked.

Dr. Engelberg pointed to a bottle on the nightstand beside Marilyn's bed. On Friday, August 3, he had authorized a refill of a prescription for 25 Nembutal capsules—thus making a total of 50 capsules prescribed for Marilyn within a week. Dr. Engelberg estimated that there should have been 47 capsules remaining on Saturday. Now one of the bottles sat empty on the nightstand, and the other was unaccounted for.

But glancing around the room, Sergeant Clemmons saw no evidence of the drinking glass Marilyn presumably would have used to wash down the drugs. He asked if there had been a glass in the room and, if so, whether it had been removed. Dr. Greenson indicated there had been none visible when he arrived, a fact Mrs. Murray subsequently corroborated.

"I didn't feel that the doctors were being truthful," Clemmons told me later. "I also felt that during the unexplained lapse of time, certain evidence must have been destroyed. I now know that Marilyn Monroe never committed suicide. Somebody murdered her."

After Sergeant Clemmons left, Guy Hockett, the owner of Westwood Memorial Park cemetery, arrived at the house along with his son, Don. They wrapped the actress's body in a blue blanket, strapped it to a gurney and loaded it into a waiting ambulance.

At Westwood Memorial Park her 117-pound form was lifted onto an embalming table, where it would remain for two hours. Marilyn's mother was her only blood relative residing in California. But Gladys Pearl Monroe Baker Mortensen—Marilyn had been born Norma Jean Baker—was institutionalized in a sanitarium, and was considered incompetent to make burial decisions. Efforts were being made to contact Mrs. Berneice Miracle, a half-sister living in Florida.

It was already 7 a.m. when deputy



"See? Slap the shit out of the bitch. That's all there is to it! Now you try it!"



coroner's aide Lionel Grandison came on duty at the county coroner's office in downtown Los Angeles. Scanning the list of deceased compiled during the night, he stopped at the name Marilyn Monroe, wondering why her body had not been brought to the main office: This was standard operating procedure in cases of drug overdose resulting in death. He called Westwood Memorial Park immediately and ordered that the body be dispatched downtown.

At 8:15 a.m. coroner's deputies Frank Dambacher and Charles Pace picked up the corpse and delivered it to a narrow hallway at the old Hall of Justice. Hours later Marilyn's naked form rested on a cold metal autopsy table. Her body was illuminated by a bright floodlight, an ironic contrast to all the stage and studio spotlights that had illuminated her alabaster beauty during life. Her only audience now was Dr. Thomas Noguchi—a deputy medical examiner—and his assistants.

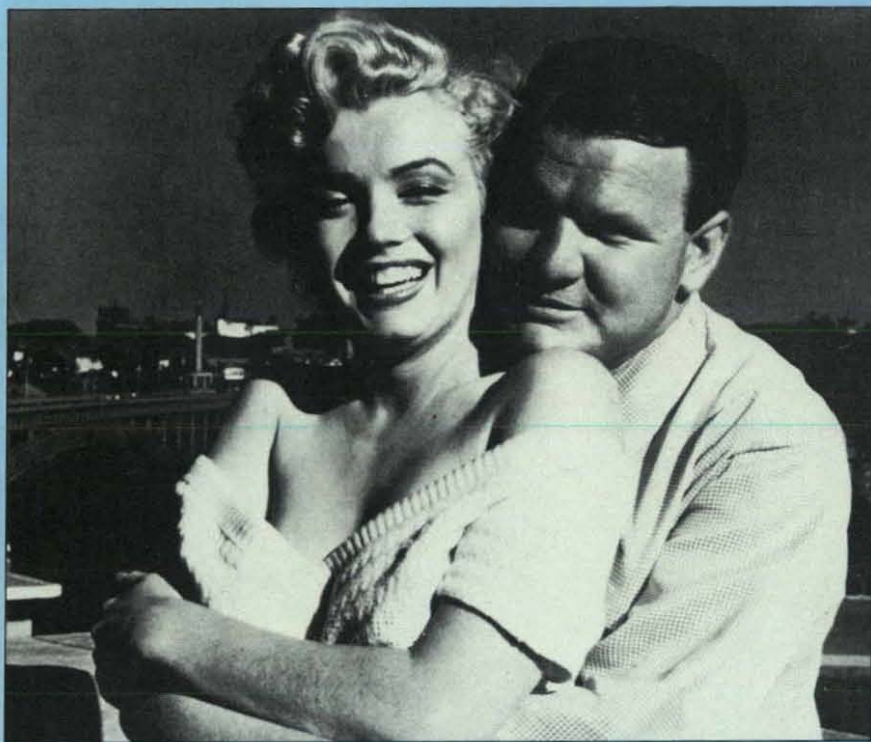
With practiced precision Dr. Noguchi eased a razor-sharp scalpel into Marilyn's lower abdomen, slicing open her skin as he moved the blade up toward her sternum. Gloved hands reached inside the opened cavity and removed vital organs. Careful notations concerning their weight, size and abnormalities were noted on a clipboard. Samples of each were set aside to be labeled, indexed and sent to the office of Dr. R. J. Abernethy, chief toxicologist, for further evaluation. The long incision was then sewn up.

Next, Marilyn's skull was raised, and a sharply honed scalpel sliced open the skin on the back of her head from ear to ear. The top of her cranium was circled with an electric saw, enabling the brain to be easily removed, weighed and placed in a separate container for examination. The autopsy team then replaced the top of her skull, pulled the skin and hair back into position and stitched up the incision.

Eventually the table and its gutters were rinsed clean with cold water while an assistant sponged off the dried and congealed blood from Marilyn's flesh. An exhaust fan carried out the foul odors filling the room. A record was made of her fingerprints, and the corpse was wheeled down the hall to the preparation room, where formaldehyde was flushed through Marilyn's body. A white sheet covered her as she was delivered to a cold-storage vault to await burial.

A white identification tag dangled from the big toe of her right foot. It read: *Name*, Marilyn Monroe; *Date*, 8/5/62; *Sex*, Female; *File #* 81128.

(continued on page 48)



*Monroe and Slatzer, alive and happy*

## MM: THE WAY WE WERE

"In the summer of 1946 I met Norma Jean Dougherty, a slender, shy, soft-spoken girl with light-brown hair," recalls Robert F. Slatzer in his Pinnacle Books paperback, *The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe*. "She had been a photographic model for some of the popular men's magazines, and was trying to become an actress. She was just like any other young American girl with great dreams, and it was her lifelong ambition to succeed in the profession that would transform her into the woman the world would come to know as Marilyn Monroe."

"During the 16 years that I knew her, our individual paths crossed many times, and our friendship remained very important to both of us. We used to take walks through Forest Lawn cemetery, and she would marvel while gazing at the resting places of the great stars who had stirred her imagination during her youth."



*The bedroom death scene*

"Marilyn liked the simple life, and possessed great curiosity. She was content walking through the tall pines surrounding Hollywood Lake, or just spreading a blanket on the sands below Point Dume, near Malibu, and watching the ocean. We enjoyed going to movies, talking with Mack Sennett about Hollywood's golden years, playing golf on the short course at Holmby Hills, walking hand in hand through New York's Central Park, throwing darts at a concession stand on the Santa Monica Pier, and many other little things we shared. We had a lot of fun together. I am proud to say that Marilyn Monroe was the closest friend I ever had. To me, she was always just Norma Jean."

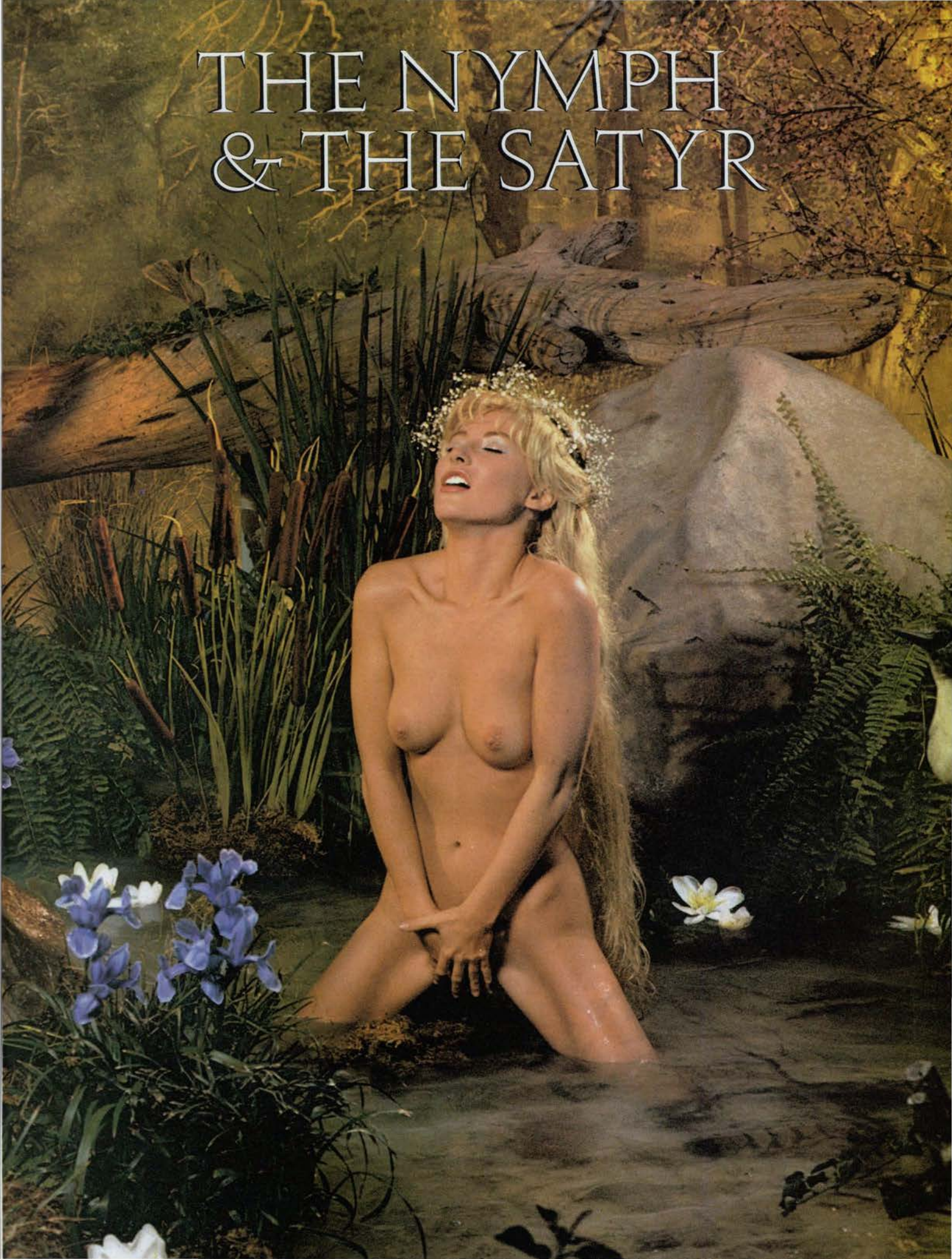




Photography by Clive McLean



# THE NYMPH & THE SATYR









In years gone by, when myths lived, a maiden would romp in the woods at her own risk. She would luxuriate in nature's cooling waters, unaware of the lurking danger. The satyr—a creature of lust—spied her lithe body. He had no compunctions about taking her. Hypnotized by his raw sexuality, she could feel her loins tingle. Though she would resist, she would also desire. He knew this, and he overpowered her. Such was the way of the satyr.





























## MARILYN MONROE

(continued from page 37)

I was living in Ohio when a friend called early on that Sunday morning with the terrible news. Naturally I found it impossible to believe that Marilyn had committed suicide—as the radio news bulletins were saying—because I knew that she was cheerful, happy and bubbly in those last few weeks before her death. We had talked on the phone every day, and she was not even remotely depressed. She could not have faked how she felt, especially with me. I had known Marilyn intimately for 16 years, including a brief period of four days in late 1952 when we were husband and wife. I understood her too well.

Marilyn had left New York for Los Angeles in November 1961, following her divorce from playwright Arthur Miller. "I'm home where I belong," she told me then. "I've got a new movie to do. I'm going to take roots and find myself a nice little house." Within three months she found that secluded place in Brentwood.

When *Something's Got to Give* started production in April 1962, Marilyn was suffering from a bad cold. She failed to appear for work on 20 of the first 32 days at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. Her absence only added to the film's

numerous production problems, disagreements and script rewrites.

Rumormongers accused her of purposely faking illness. Relations with the studio worsened during the fourth week of shooting, in late May, when actor Peter Lawford—then married to President Kennedy's sister, Pat—asked Marilyn to fly to New York to sing "Happy Birthday" to JFK at a Madison Square Garden fund-raising dinner. Marilyn accepted without hesitation. After all, she and the president had been lovers for some time—a fact that they both attempted to conceal from the public.

The president was beaming from ear to ear when he walked on stage to acknowledge Marilyn's song. "Now I can retire from politics, after having had 'Happy Birthday' sung to me by such a sweet, wholesome girl as Marilyn Monroe," he told the standing-room-only crowd.

Following the dinner a private party was held at the Manhattan residence of Arthur Krim, then head of United Artists Pictures and a leading financial contributor to the Kennedy campaigns. When First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy learned Marilyn would be present, she chose to spend the weekend out of sight.

At the Krim party Marilyn met Robert Kennedy for the first time. Guests later reported that the attorney general

could not keep his eyes off the dazzling actress. Nevertheless, the president whisked Marilyn away to spend the night with him at the Hotel Carlyle.

Marilyn returned to Los Angeles the next Monday, worked before the cameras for several days and celebrated her own birthday—her 36th—on the set of *Something's Got to Give*. But then, after a personal appearance at Dodger Stadium (which aggravated her cold), she took ill again and stayed at home for two days with a fever. That was more than Fox production chief Peter Levathes could tolerate. On June 8 he fired her.

Understandably, Marilyn was upset. She had never before been dismissed from a film. During this period of despair she told me that she had received a phone call from Bobby Kennedy—who was visiting the city—and that he had asked her to join him for dinner at Peter Lawford's beachfront home in Santa Monica. She told me they had been immediately attracted to each other and had spent the night together, sharing a bed. Temporarily, at least, her problems at the studio were forgotten.

In June and July, RFK made several more trips to Los Angeles, supposedly to discuss making a film based on his book *The Enemy Within*, an examination of the Communist menace in America. But his main reason was to be with Marilyn.

Late in July, I took Marilyn for a drive up the Pacific Coast Highway to Point Dume, a secluded spot along the ocean. Just a few weeks before, she had joyfully told me: "Bobby Kennedy promised to marry me."

I told her then he'd never divorce his wife, leave their eight children, jeopardize his political career and the Kennedy name and risk the threat of excommunication from the Catholic Church.

But now, stretching out on a blanket near the surf, Marilyn seemed unusually agitated. She was certain that her two phones were being tapped. Possibly the small red diary she pulled from her satchel-like purse was one of the reasons.

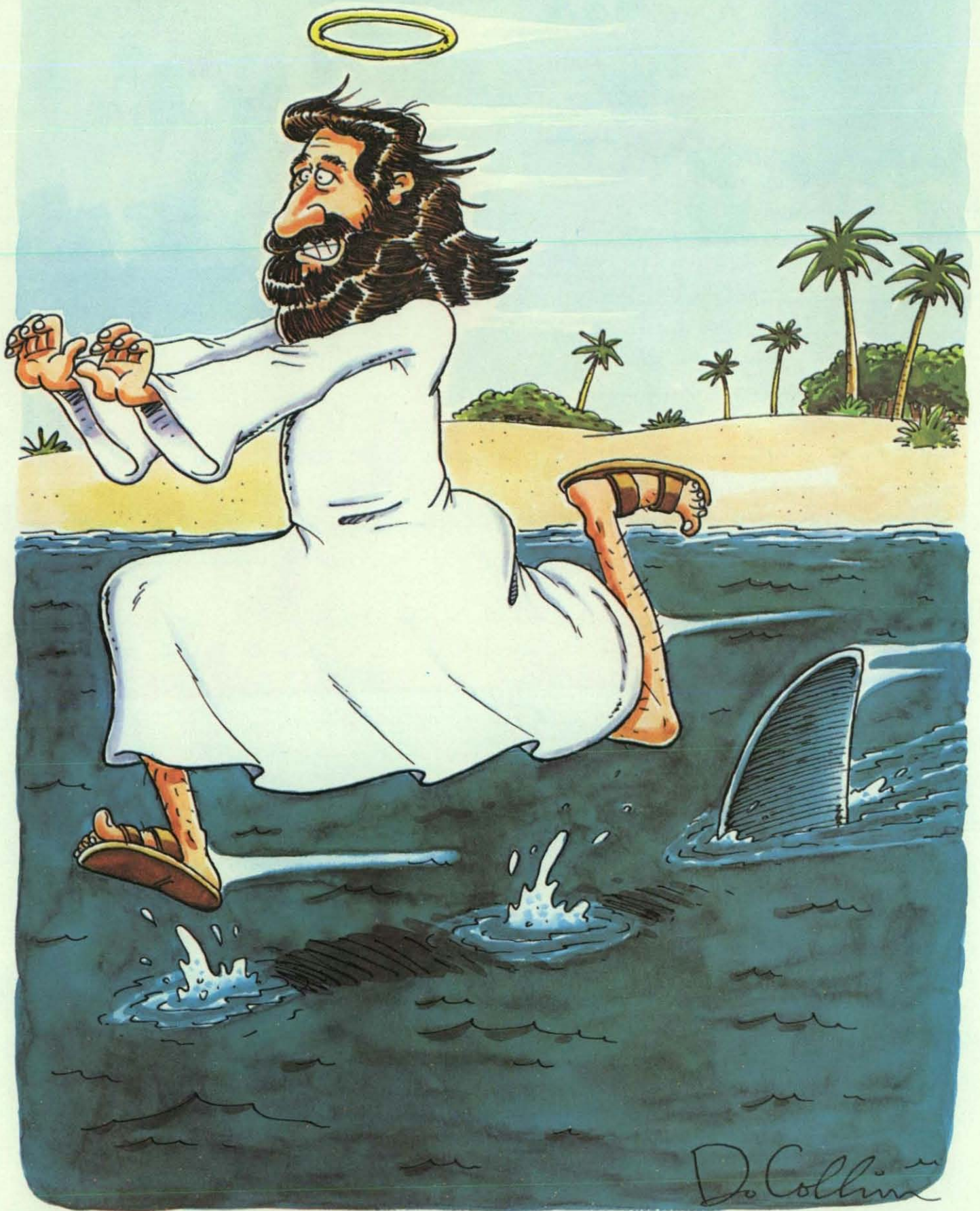
Bobby had criticized her for not remembering names and facts he had indicated when they were together; so she had been keeping a record of their conversations after each date to refresh her memory. Marilyn told me that after she mentioned the diary to Bobby, he disconnected his personal phone at the Justice Department and refused to acknowledge any calls she made to him through the switchboard. She was terrified about all he had told her.

I could see why as I opened the diary, at Marilyn's suggestion, and began reading the scribbled entries. Incredible

(continued on page 141)









# Congress of the United States

begun and held at the City of New York, on  
Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine

## THE

## RESOLVED

## ARTICLES

in addition to, and amendatory of, the original Constitution

the first enumeration required by the said Constitution, shall be one

the proportion shall be regulated by Congress, that there be not less than one Representative

the number of Representatives shall amount to two hundred

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regarding the representation for the services of the Senate and Representatives, shall take effect, in

shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or

and to protect the government for a period of years

regulated matters, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep arms

shall, without the consent of the Senate, not in time of war, but in peacetime, to be regulated by law

the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no

cases, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized

shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in

when in actual service at sea, or in the land or public danger, nor shall any person be

case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without just compensation, if private property be taken

injust compensation, if private property be taken for public use, without just compensation

shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation

ing witnesses in due season, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense

admiralty law, in cases of capture in controversy shall extend to both sides, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved

of the United States, shall according to the rules of the common law

shall not be required, nor shall any unusual punishment be inflicted

in the Constitution, of course rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people

not obligated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, nor to the States respectively or to the

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg Speaker of the House of Representatives  
John Adams Vice President of the United States, and



# WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY

## REPRESSION IN THE NAME OF FEMINISM

Imagine, if you will, browsing through your neighborhood periodicals rack, looking for the latest *HUSTLER*, *Penthouse* or *Playboy*, and finding every copy destroyed by ink and liquid detergent.

Even as you leaf through the defaced magazines, a woman confronts you and sneers, "Why do you want to rape women?" Discomforted, you decide to leave, but you're met at the door by a dozen belligerent females on a "porn tour" who brand you a woman-hater because of your reading tastes. Meanwhile, out in the street, an antipornography march is in full swing, its jeering legions demanding that the magazine you so innocently expected to buy be removed from circulation.

A nightmare? Maybe, but all of this is happening in this country today; and the outraged are not your stereotyped little old ladies in tennis shoes.

The new wave of repression comes from a small but vocal fragment of the feminist movement which is convinced that sex crimes and woman abuse are direct results of the availability of pornography. Advocates of this absurd theory have gained little support, least of all among psychologists, criminologists and sociologists. But they're getting attention—and some results—because the principal organization within the movement, Women Against Pornography (founded in April 1979), boasts some pretty big names, including *Ms.* magazine founder Gloria Steinem, former New York congresswoman Bella Abzug and writer Susan Brownmiller.

It was Brownmiller whose 1975 book *Against Our Will* shocked much of the country into recognizing the atrocities of rape. At the same time, however, she planted the seeds of what has bloomed

into a diversionary notion when she devoted a section of her work to blaming pornographic images for an increase in sex crimes.

That notion—offered with no proof to back it up—has given rise to what's become a catch phrase of the new antiporn movement: "Pornography is the theory and rape is the practice." Coined by Robin Morgan, a prominent WAP spokeswoman, that slick slogan has fueled a coast-to-coast onslaught of actions aimed at the eventual elimination of "pornography." To the antiporn feminists, pornography includes men's magazines featuring photographs of nude or seminude women, and it even extends to nonsexual images of women—in movies, television and magazine advertisements—that they consider degrading.

Already they have successfully removed *HUSTLER* from two stores in Oakland, California. They have closed showings of erotic movies like *The Story of O* in several cities, and they forced Atlantic Records to take down a billboard advertising the Rolling Stones' *Black and Blue* album because it showed a bound woman with torn clothing.

Violence in the name of erasing pornography isn't endorsed by most of the women's movement, but the extremist wing has its figurehead in Marcia Womongold, a Boston feminist who has received much media attention for her farfetched methods of combating Demon Smut. She has suggested using noxious chemicals like butyl mercaptin to "close down a store for several days," and she herself shot out the window of a Harvard Square bookstore selling men's magazines.

In her manifesto, *Pornography: A*

*License to Kill*, Womongold writes: "Each magazine spoiled with markers, garbage, cigarette burns, etc., is a message to the dealer, the customer and the distributor. Some women embarrass the men browsing through smut with questions like, 'What have you got against women? Are you a rapist?'"

While careful to denounce her violent tactics, many members of Women Against Pornography express support for Womongold's objective. WAP's plan of attack, though, has been more geared to the mass media, with an emphasis on well-publicized "porn tours," during which leaders guide the unconverted through the bowels of the porn dragon—the adult-book stores, strip joints and X-rated movie houses of the big cities. Another WAP tool is a slide show of unacceptable images, ranging from torture pictures to gentle nudity (like rock group Blind Faith's 1969 album-cover illustration of a nude girl holding a toy airplane).

The implication, of course, is that torture and nudity can be elements of the same thing. The association of sexual images with violence—even if the sexual images are decidedly nonviolent—is a central theme of the feminists' antiporn drive. This seeing-is-believing strategy led to an antiporn march last October 20 in New York's Times Square, site of the nation's heaviest concentration of commercial sex.

The fact that 5,000 people showed up that day underscores the very real aggravation American women still feel about their role in society. Since abortion and equal pay are old problems with agonizingly slow solutions, feminism may have needed a new issue to give form to a frustratingly vague sense

### ANALYSIS BY KELLY GARRETT

Photograph by Phil Groves



of dissatisfaction. What easier, more-accessible straw man than porn? All it took was some well-connected leaders to imply that injustices thousands of years old will somehow disappear if we just get rid of some offending images.

It's the very simplicity of the porn target that alarms the serious feminists who refuse to join the antismut hysteria. In an editorial Nancy Borman, editor of one of the most respected feminist weeklies in the country, *Majority Report*, writes: "An antipornography campaign avoids the real feminist issues of economic oppression and abortion.... If feminists go on this self-righteous campaign against pornography the way Carrie Nation did against alcohol, the real causes of violence will be avoided, just like the real causes of alcoholism were avoided by the Prohibitionists."

But public relations count for something, and the WAP minority has blown legitimate feminist concerns right out of the headlines. The antiporn crusade,

like any falsely packaged, sexually oriented subject, has a twisted allure to the established commercial press. It sells. And it's something of a comment about modern journalism that the same institution that has been so suspicious about presidents and congressmen can cater so unquestioningly to a group advocating the one thing most repulsive to even the most conservative publication: censorship.

Censoring "smut" is not a new idea, of course, and WAP's antiporn parade is marching down routes well-traveled by generations of decency leagues and religious fundamentalists. The irony of feminists' being in league with their own worst enemies isn't lost on WAP's leaders. And their attempts to explain this irony away amount to a clumsy verbal tap dance.

The dance begins with the contention that there is a difference between "pornography" and "erotica," which difference Gloria Steinem defines this way:

"Pornography is the product of woman-hatred, marked by cruelty and violence, and shouldn't be confused with erotica, which is rooted in the idea of free will and love."

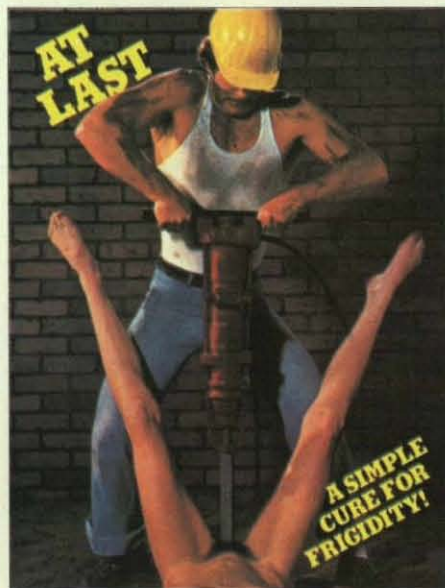
This theme—that there is something bad called "pornography" and something acceptable called "erotica"—appears everywhere in the antiporn feminists' literature. It is their protection against being lumped in with the prudes. And it is also their nod to the sexual-liberation movement, the growth of which coincided (not by accident) with the women's-rights movement.

But their theme is really the same as that of unliberated prudes. On a Saturday night the educated and "well-bred" might enjoy an 18th-century French bedroom farce from balcony boxes. Then on Sunday they might attend a decency-league meeting to discuss ways to suppress the sexual-entertainment tastes of the vulgar masses.

In the same vein, it's not hard to

## IS THIS PORNOGRAPHY?

The Following Are Examples of WAP's Slide Show of "Porn."



^ Much humor, like *Slam Magazine's* joke about frigidity, is based on violence. It's patently ridiculous to claim such humor suggests that the violence be carried out.

Is this jeans ad pornography? WAP says it is, because any image they consider "degrading" to women falls under their definition of porn. But is it degrading?



^ The fact that some people connect pleasure with pain is considered pornographic by WAP. Hence, the truth would be forbidden if it goes against WAP theory.



^ The work of photographers like Helmut Newton isn't exempt from WAP's "porn" label. Others consider Newton's prize-winning photos art. WAP would censor art.

^ Because we satirized the idea that nude women could possibly be conceived only as sex objects (i.e., pieces of meat), WAP says we incited violence with this cover.







"Good Lord! Why didn't you tell me right from the start his room was on fire, instead of just saying, 'The patient in 401 is smoking in bed'?"



imagine an antiporn feminist trumpeting the virtues of Anais Nin's "erotic" writings, for example, while preparing to march against the "pornographic" tastes of those sleazy bums down on 42nd Street. As feminist Ellen Willis put it in a series of *Village Voice* essays critical of WAP's stance, "In practice, attempts to sort out good erotica from bad porn inevitably come down to 'What turns me on is erotic; what turns you on is pornographic.'"

Central to the antiporn feminists' definition of pornography is their contention that violence against women is its basis. This is where the verbal tap dance gets awfully hard to follow.

Says Barbara Mehrhof, an organizer of Women Against Pornography, "The essence of pornography is about the degradation and brutalization of women." And Susan Brownmiller says, "The feminist objection to pornography is based on our belief that pornography represents hatred of women, that pornography's intent is to humiliate, degrade and dehumanize the female body for the purpose of erotic stimulation and pleasure. We are unalterably opposed to the presentation of the female body being stripped, bound, raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered in the name of commercial entertainment and free speech. These images, which are stan-

dard pornographic fare... have everything to do with the creation of a cultural climate in which a rapist feels that he is merely giving into a normal urge."

Of course, violence is *not* "standard pornographic fare," although it seems to be talked about more these days. The function of pornography is simply to get people off, and most people don't get off on images of violence. At any rate, since pornography is always about sex, but very rarely about violence, one would assume that the WAP arsenal would be aimed only at that tiny segment of pornography that caters to fantasies of sexual violence.

But it's not. Says Mehrhof, "When we in Women Against Pornography talk about pornography, we're talking about images of women that really cut across the whole contingency, from hard-core pornography to images of women in soft-core pornography as well as even mass media." This is a key element in the broad WAP program; certain posters, fashion ads and album covers—visible everywhere—are considered to be part of the range of offending images.

For this reason, the straitlaced media aren't safe from the crusade. For example, the Miami, Florida, Chamber of Commerce had to stop distributing a poster designed to attract tourists, be-

cause feminists objected to it. The offense? The poster showed the back of a topless female snorkeler.

The one magazine that is invariably used as a typical example of what is unacceptable is—you guessed it—*HUSTLER*.

There's an irony to this, because it is no accident that the women in *HUSTLER* look as if they will have as much to say about what will happen to their bodies as any man will. They represent the idea of women as equal sex partners, with the right to demand equal satisfaction. That's what *HUSTLER* is all about—a celebration of sex itself. And if sex is conceived as a call to violence, the problem is with the conceiver.

It's one thing to talk in vague terms about pornography's "creating a cultural climate," and quite another to consider the scientific evidence. Spouting off meaningless phrases such as "pornography is the theory and rape is the practice" may impress the gullible, but backing these statements up with proof seems to be a low priority on WAP's agenda. In fact, when Brownmiller says, as she did, "We supply the ideology; it's for other people to come up with the statistics," it becomes rather clear that these people don't want to be confused by the facts.

And what are the facts?

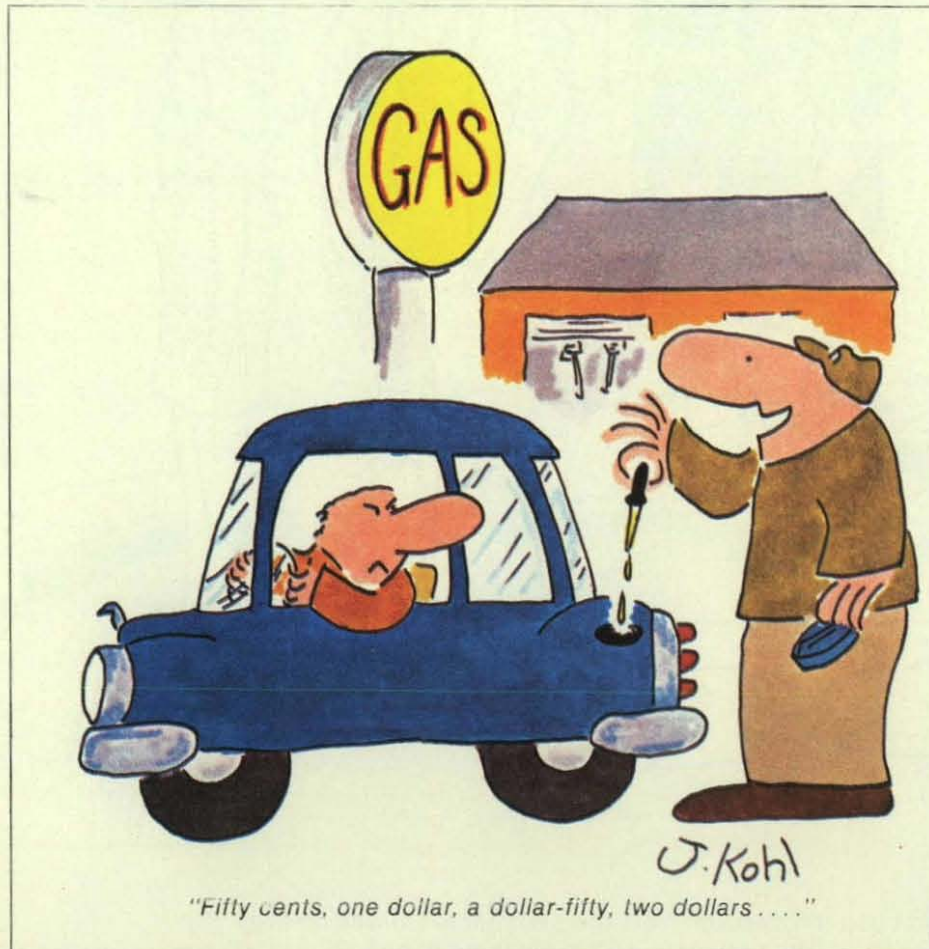
The most comprehensive examination of the effects of hard-core pornography on human criminal behavior—and the most damning indictment of WAP's position—is contained in the 1971 *Technical Report of the [President's] Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*. The President in 1971, you'll remember, was Richard Nixon, one of the more blue-nosed of modern chief executives. He was shocked by the commission's findings, and immediately repudiated the costly (\$2 million) two-year study, calling its conclusions "morally bankrupt."

It's not hard to see why Nixon was so upset. If he was looking for scientific ammunition to carry out a crackdown on sexually explicit material, he didn't get it.

What he did get was a total lack of evidence linking pornography with sex crimes. In Volume VII of the commission's report, subtitled "Erotica and Anti-social Behavior," there are reports of nine studies on the relationship between explicit sexual material and such crimes. None of these studies found any reason to conclude that pornography encourages sex crimes. Indeed, the bulk of the data points to something quite the opposite.

For starters, Dr. Michael Goldstein, a

(continued on page 58)



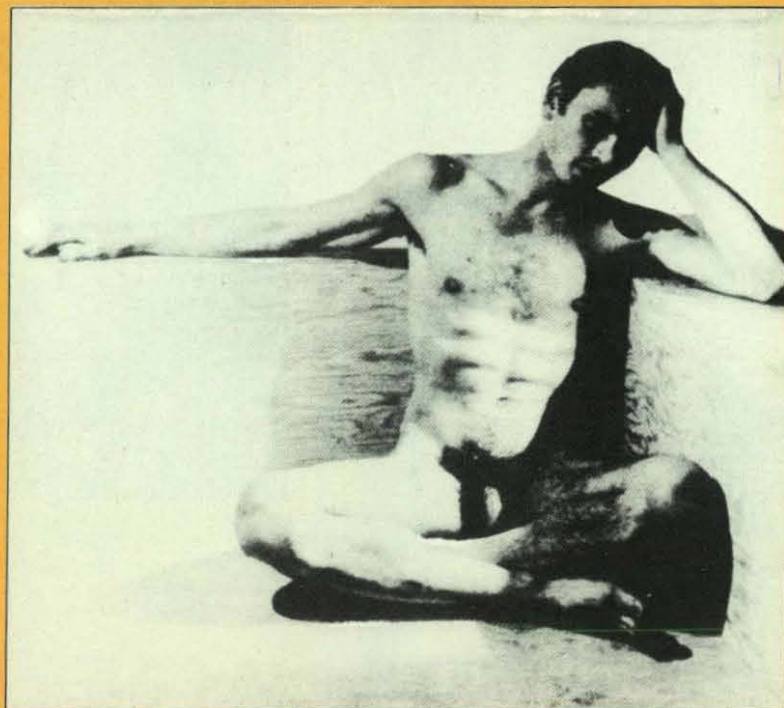
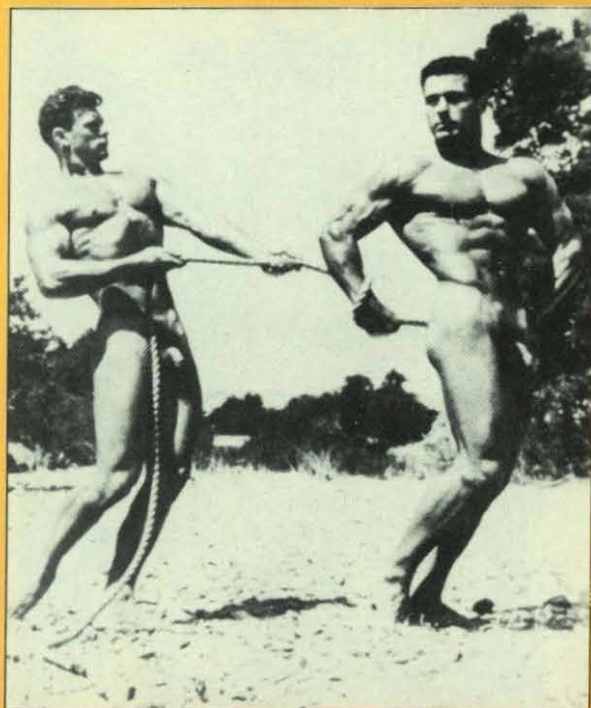
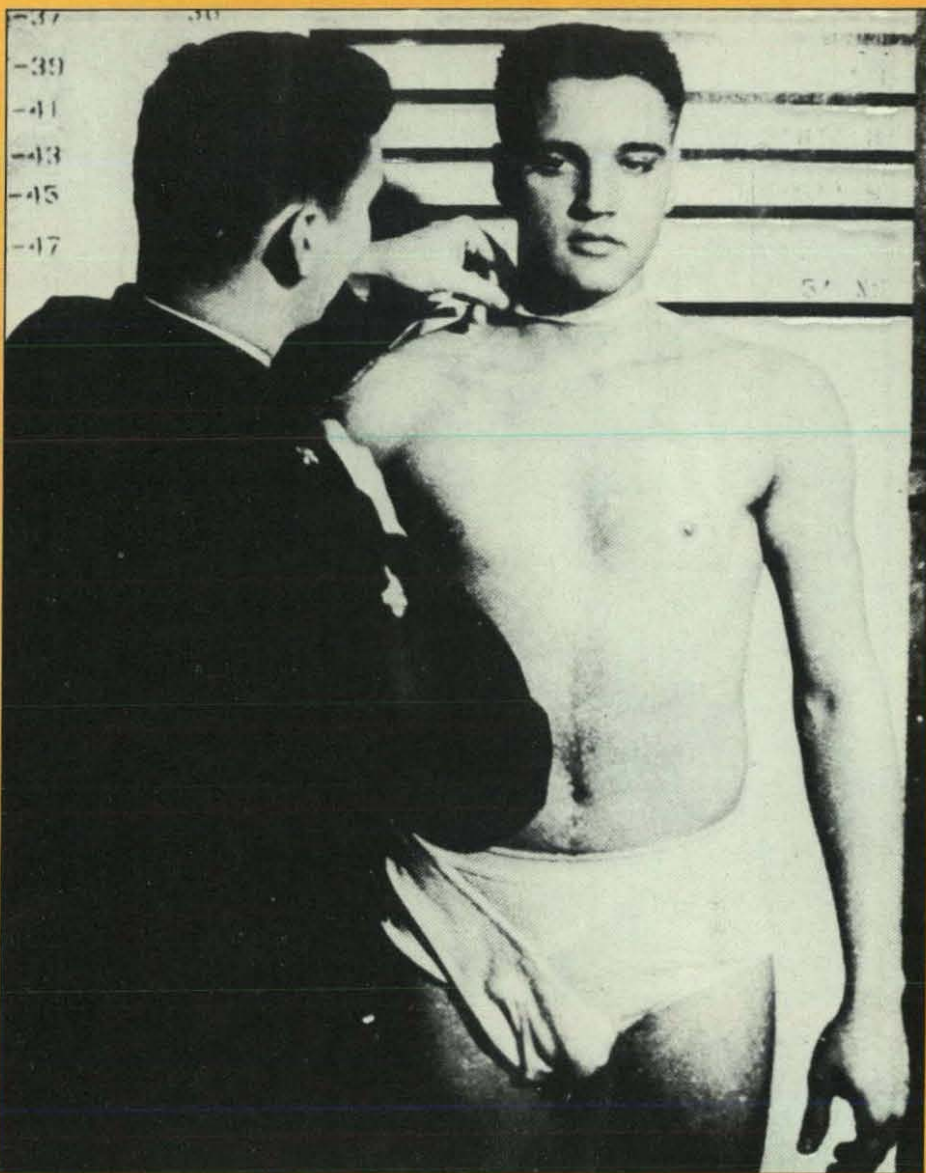
"Fifty cents, one dollar, a dollar-fifty, two dollars...."



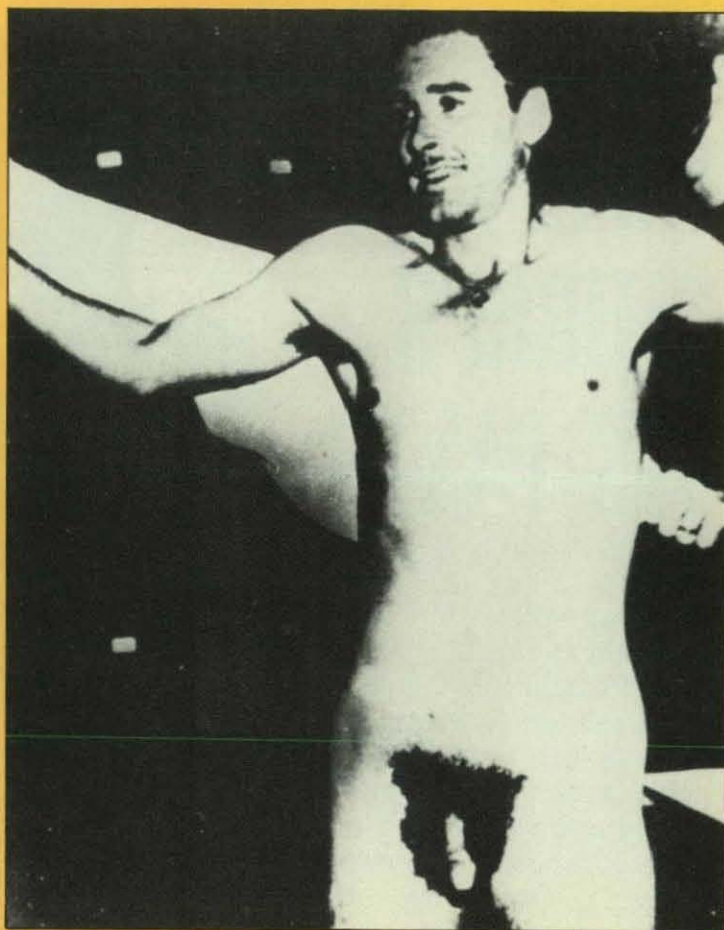
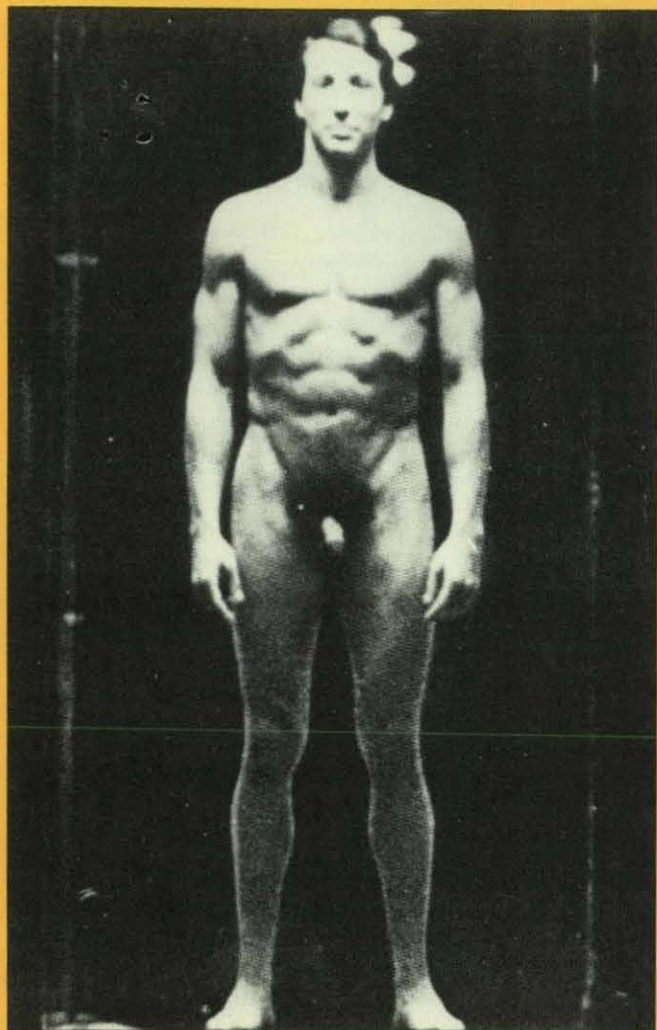
# HOLLYWOOD DROPS ITS PANTS

For many years there have been rumors about the existence of candid photographs of Hollywood celebrities in the nude. We at HUSTLER did some digging around and came up with these pictures, said to be of famous stars. The identities of those pictured cannot be proven; so we'll let you decide for yourself.

*Elvis Presley's Army induction in 1958 brought tears to the eyes of millions of teenage girls. Earlier, physical-fitness guru Jack La Lanne had another musclemán at the end of his rope. And the young Yul Brynner had a little more on top in the early years.*



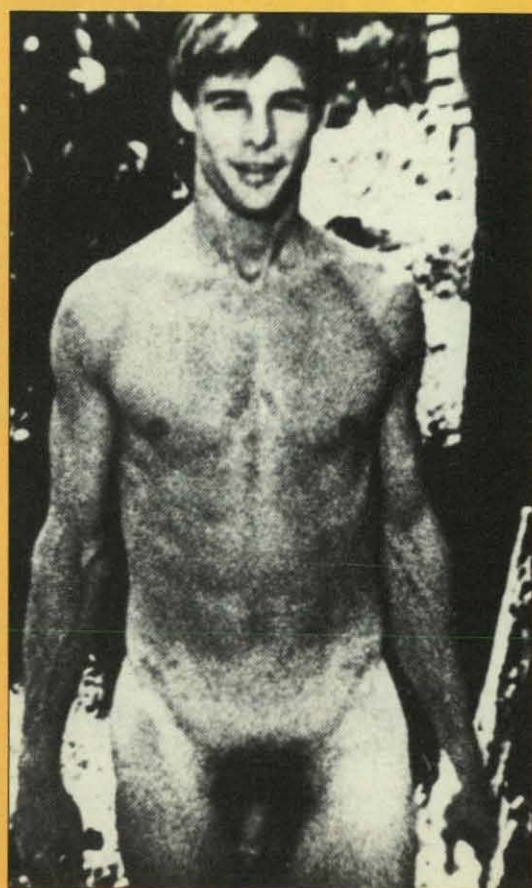




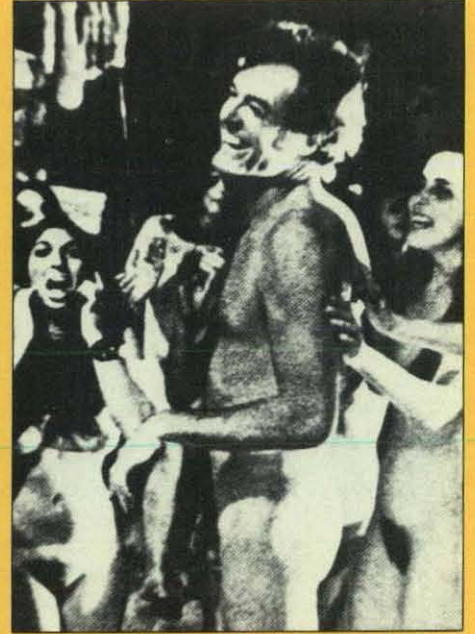
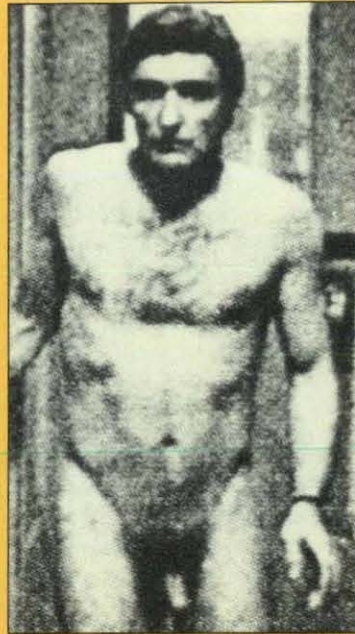
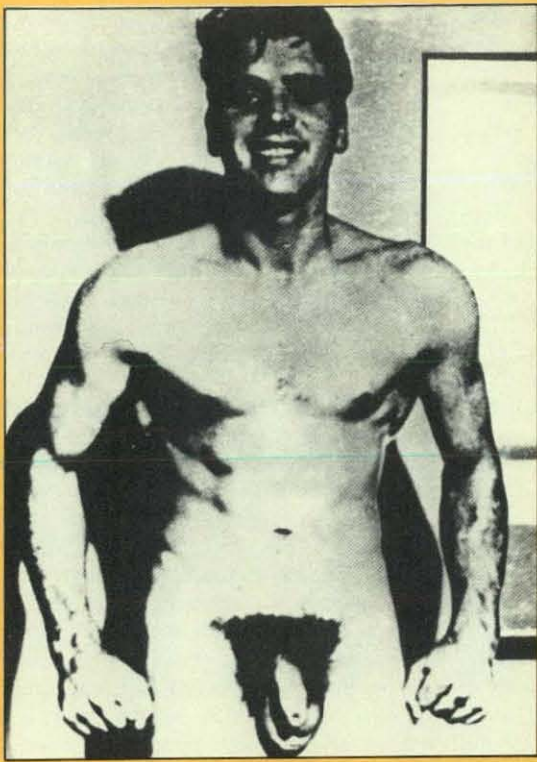
Johnny Crawford, a teen idol when he played Chuck Connors's son on 'The Rifleman,' later appeared in the 1971 film 'The Andromeda Strain.' Errol Flynn's sexual prowess inspired the phrase 'In like Flynn.' Written accounts of the actor's life have made mention of his being a bisexual.



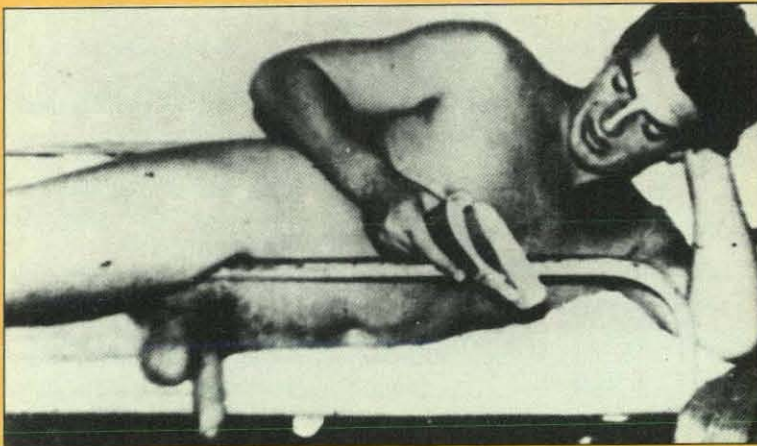
Joe DiMaggio, the slugging New York Yankees baseball star of the 1940s, was later married to Marilyn Monroe. Actor Anthony Quinn is best-known for his role in 'Zorba the Greek.' And modern screen star Jan-Michael Vincent became a heartthrob in the 1974 film 'Buster and Billie.'



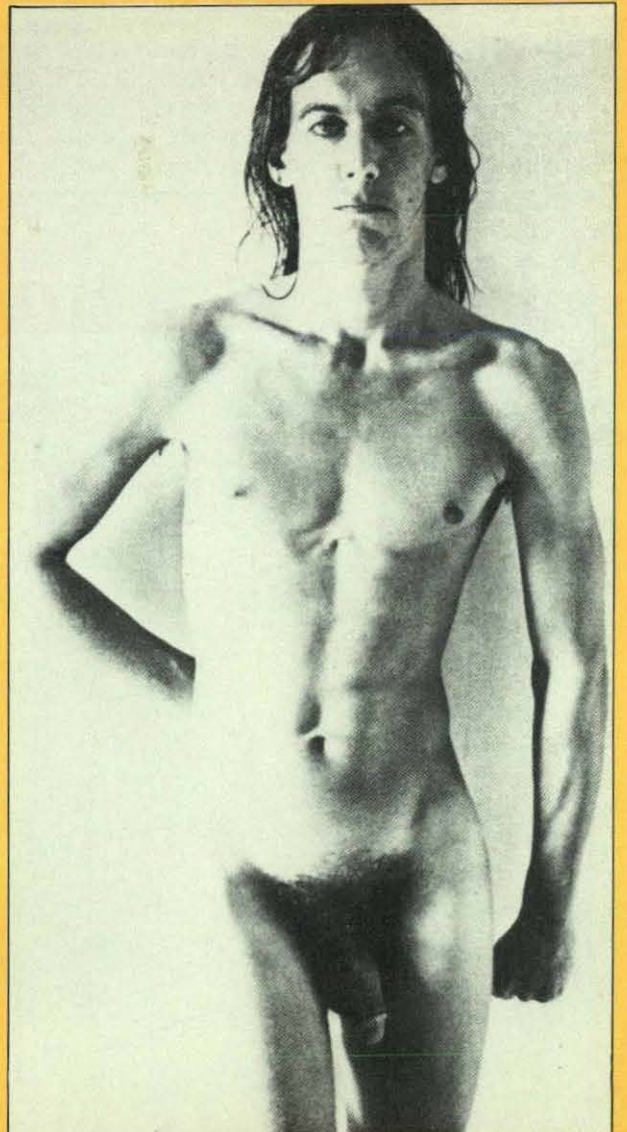
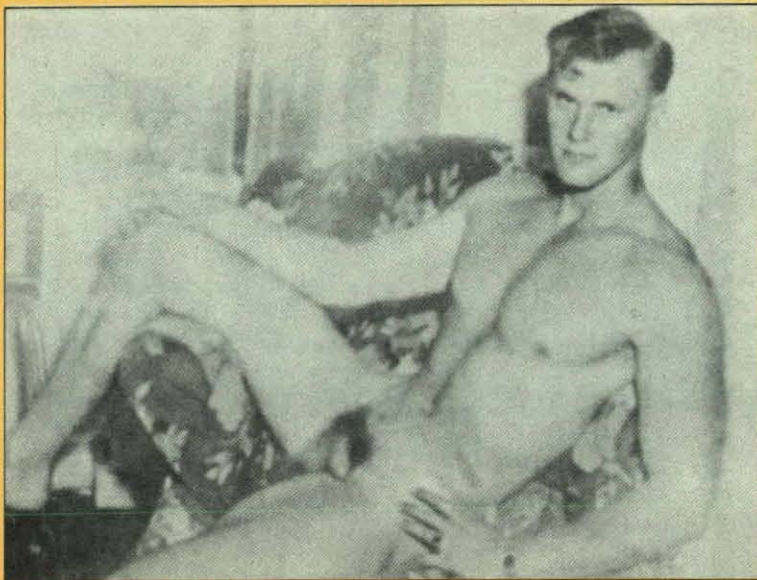




Burt Lancaster, who played a Bible-thumping evangelist in 'Elmer Gantry' and a bird-loving felon in 'Birdman of Alcatraz,' was a circus performer in his younger days. Dennis Hopper of 'Easy Rider' fame was more daring in the 1976 movie 'Tracks.' Robert Culp, star of the 1960s TV series 'I Spy' and one of the foursome in 'Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice,' also appeared in 'A Name for Evil.'



Victor Mature, a screen idol of the '40s and '50s, was sometimes called 'The Hunk.' Athletic actor Tab Hunter was a rave with teenagers during the 1950s. And Iggy Pop, noted for his raucous stage act, is considered by many people to be the precursor of punk rock.





## WOMEN AGAINST PORN

(continued from page 54)

professor of psychology at UCLA, found no "specific pattern of sexual action"—violent or otherwise—coming out of exposure to erotica. But even more revealing was the conclusion of Dr. C. Eugene Walker, then at Baylor University, who interviewed a sample of jailed sex offenders (along with a "control" sample of nonoffenders) and found: "In terms of their experience with pornography, the control groups tended to be exposed to pornography more frequently, to have been exposed at a younger age and to respond more positively to this material than the sex offenders." In other words, people who commit sex crimes tend to have been exposed to *less* pornography than those who don't, which completely contradicts WAP's notion that pornography leads to sex crimes.

Perhaps the best-known pieces of evidence in the case against WAP are the two studies in the report of the President's commission that dealt with pornography in Denmark. The "Danish Experience," as researcher Richard Ben-Veniste called it, was a turning point in public attitudes about the effects of explicit sexual representation, a turning point WAP has tried to deny.

Ben-Veniste and another researcher, Berl Kutschinsky, director of the Institute of Criminal Science at the University of Copenhagen, found that as the availability of pornography mushroomed in Denmark during the 1960s, the sex-crime rate actually decreased. "What seems indisputable," concluded Ben-Veniste, "... is that pornography of the type disseminated in Denmark apparently has caused no increase in the rate of sex crime."

Kutschinsky went even further, concluding that for at least some kinds of sex crimes "the abundant availability of hard-core pornography in Denmark may have been the direct cause of a veritable decrease in the actual amount of crime committed."

And, as if to emphasize that finding, the commission's executive director and director of research, W. Cody Wilson, came up with the following conclusion after a statistical analysis of sex crimes, illegitimate births and the availability of erotica: "In sum, analyses of United States crime and illegitimacy rates do not support the thesis of a causal connection between the availability of erotica and either sex crimes or illegitimacy."

The antiporn feminists have reacted predictably to the evidence against them presented in the commission's report. WAP's Robin Morgan hinted (in

a *Ms.* magazine article entitled "How to Run the Pornographers Out of Town") that the report was biased, and cited claims of suppression of evidence lodged by two conservative clergymen who were dissenting members of the commission. Says Morgan, "We may well ask: Was this alleged manipulation of facts because of the porn industry's political power? Or because only two of the 18 commissioners were women? Or because not even researchers are immune to cultural biases, including those about sex and race?"

This odd alliance between radical feminists and prudish clergymen may say a lot about the psychological roots of the Women Against Porn movement. But the attempted discrediting of a thorough scientific analysis on the grounds that it was undertaken by a mostly male commission definitely says a great deal about an antimale bias that colors much of the movement. (Brownmiller, in typical sexist fashion, simply dismissed the entire study because it was conducted by men.) And even to hint, as Morgan does, that the results were slanted under pressure from "the porn industry's political power" is at the very least a trifle paranoid.

One male member of the President's commission who has not been dismissed by WAP spokeswomen is Dr. Marvin Wolfgang, professor of sociology and law at the University of Pennsylvania's Center for Studies of Criminology and Criminal Law. Dr. Wolfgang has been set up as a symbol of changing thought about the porn/rape connection because of his supposed denunciation of the commission's report, which he helped write. When asked how she felt about the commission's findings, WAP's Barbara Mehrhof told a Philadelphia radio interviewer, "One of the authors of that is Marvin Wolfgang, who has since repudiated that report... He has changed his mind."

That makes for good WAP propaganda. But there's one thing wrong: It's completely false. When contacted by HUSTLER's Research Department, Dr. Wolfgang said that recent remarks he had made concerning violence had been misconstrued. In addition, he said he had not changed his view, as expressed in the report of the President's commission, that there is no evidence relating exposure to pornography with deviant sexual behavior.

There is, in fact, little indication of any significant shift in the trend of scientific thought in this area. Virtually every serious study conducted in the decade since the *Technical Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*

(continued on page 126)







"Now that's what I call an orgasm!"







## HUSTLER INTERVIEW:

# ED CLARK

## LIBERTARIAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

*If American politics becomes a three-party slugfest in the 1980s, the new contender is likely to be the Libertarian Party. A close-knit group of disenchanted Republicans, fed-up Democrats and others, the Libertarians believe that the less government interferes with the lives of individual Americans, the better. They hold that the rights of the individual are sacred and that the role of government should be to protect the individual's civil liberties, not to waste time and money trying to stamp out victimless crimes such as drug use, prostitution and pornography. The Libertarian gospel in a phrase: Trust the individual to know what's best for himself.*

Four years ago the Libertarian Presidential nominee—Roger MacBride (profiled in the June 1978 HUSTLER)—won 183,187 votes in 32 states. Since then the party has elected a representative to the Alaska state legislature. And in the 1978 California gubernatorial race, despite limited campaign expenditures, candidate Ed Clark earned nearly 400,000 votes—5% of all ballots cast.

Today Clark is the Libertarian nominee for President of the United States. He doesn't expect to win, but he does hope to raise issues that will attract more voters to his party and, perhaps, pave the way for local Libertarian victories in the future.

A major concern expressed by Libertarian delegates at their nominating convention last year was that their standard-bearer should look credible—that he not look like an irrational fringe candidate easily dismissable by the media or the voters. They could hardly have found a more Establishment-appearing man than Ed Clark, a 50-year-old lawyer who specializes in antitrust work for Atlan-

*tic Richfield, a Los Angeles-based oil company. Married and with one son, the Harvard Law School graduate speaks quietly but firmly about his party's plans for a freer America.*

Clark grew up in Middleboro, Massachusetts, where his father—a staunch Republican—was a lawyer and moderator of the town meeting for more than 50 years. Before moving to Los Angeles, the candidate worked to help elect liberal Republican John Lindsay Mayor of New York.

Some of the money for Clark's latest campaign comes from his Vice-Presidential running mate, David Koch of New York, whose family fortune stems from an oil-and-cattle conglomerate. If some Libertarians worry about their candidates' heavy oil connections, Clark's and Koch's unfailing commitment to the party's ideals will probably overcome such qualms. They hope to garner enough support in the 1980 elections to establish the Libertarian Party as a permanent force in American politics.

HUSTLER met with Clark in Los Angeles to offer his personal and political views the national forum they deserve.

HUSTLER: If you were elected President, what would be your most immediate priorities?

CLARK: First I would cut tens of billions of dollars out of the budget by reducing taxes. Next I'd do away with all victimless crimes. Then I'd work toward protecting civil liberties and deregulating the economy.

HUSTLER: Let's take those points one by one. How would you begin to attack taxes?

CLARK: My program would encourage people to save so they'd have some income, some property, some balanced feel to their lives. If something bad happened, they would have something to fall back on. Perhaps up to \$4,000 per year of an individual's income from investments would be tax-free. If you were a working person with \$50,000 in a savings account that produced a \$2,500 dividend, you wouldn't be taxed on that income. Such encouragement of investment would put money back into the economy to provide jobs for those same people.

HUSTLER: Two parts of your platform—legalization of marijuana and legalization of prostitution—correspond to the Libertarian view that individuals should be responsible for themselves and their actions. But is this what the public really wants?

CLARK: The American people are becoming more tolerant with respect to those kinds of victimless-crime issues. I personally draw a line between what is permitted by law and what is right and wrong. Many things ought to be permitted by law that I think are wrong.

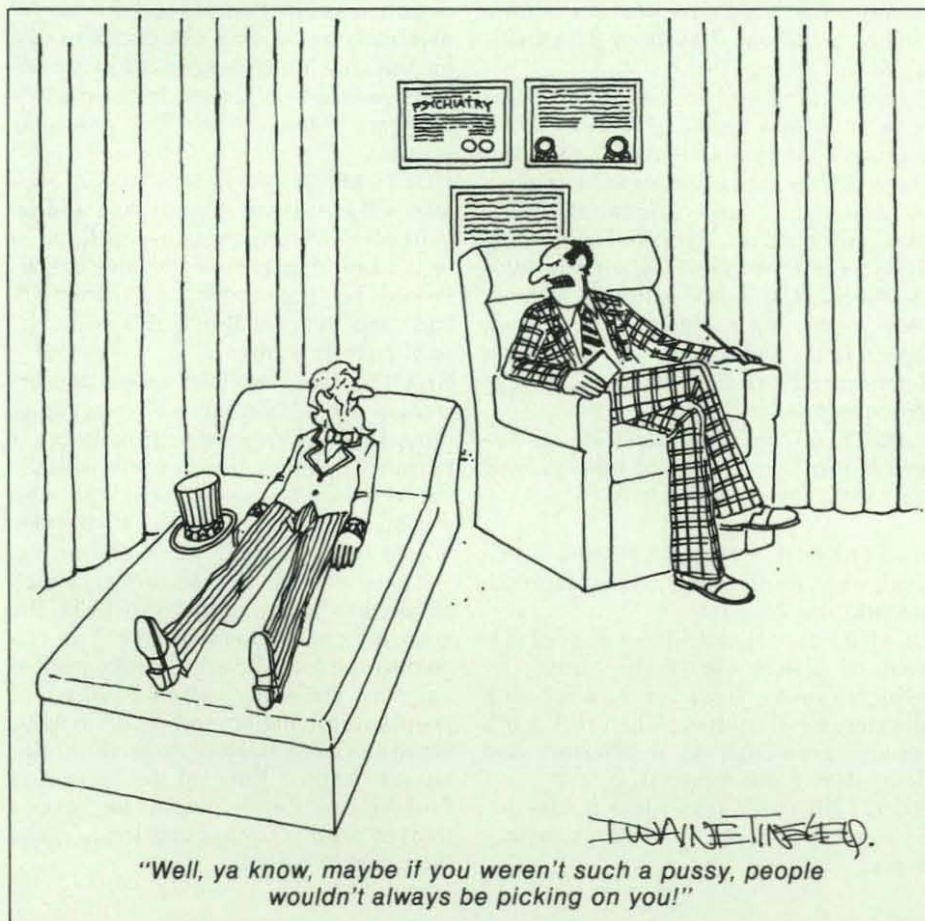
Take alcohol, for example, which always has been and always will be the great drug of Western society. You can go down to Skid Row in Los Angeles or any other major city and see hundreds of people stumbling around on the streets, victims of some stage of inebriation. But heaven knows I'm not for restoring Prohibition. People ought to have a right to drink; they are entitled to make their own decisions.



The same holds true for those who prefer chemicals. There are always going to be a few people who get in trouble. The object is to help those people and to civilize the way drugs are used. That precept is a corollary of freedom. **HUSTLER:** What are the dangers of vigorously enforcing victimless-crime laws, such as those forbidding certain sexual acts between consenting adults? **CLARK:** When you use the police to prosecute victimless crimes, first they're not stopping more-serious crimes, and second they're invading both an individual's privacy and his civil rights. In the eyes of many segments of society such actions merely discredit the police. People who unjustly get pushed around and hassled say, "To hell with cooperating with the police." The public support the police ought to get for protecting citizens from more-serious infractions of the law is therefore reduced. The result is an increase in real, violent crime. **HUSTLER:** In recent years law-enforcement agencies seem to have gone out of their way to obtain pornography convictions. Do you feel that pornography is harmful to society? **CLARK:** On the contrary. There is some indication that pornography may tend to provide a nonviolent release for strong feelings and thereby actually decrease violence. I don't know of any

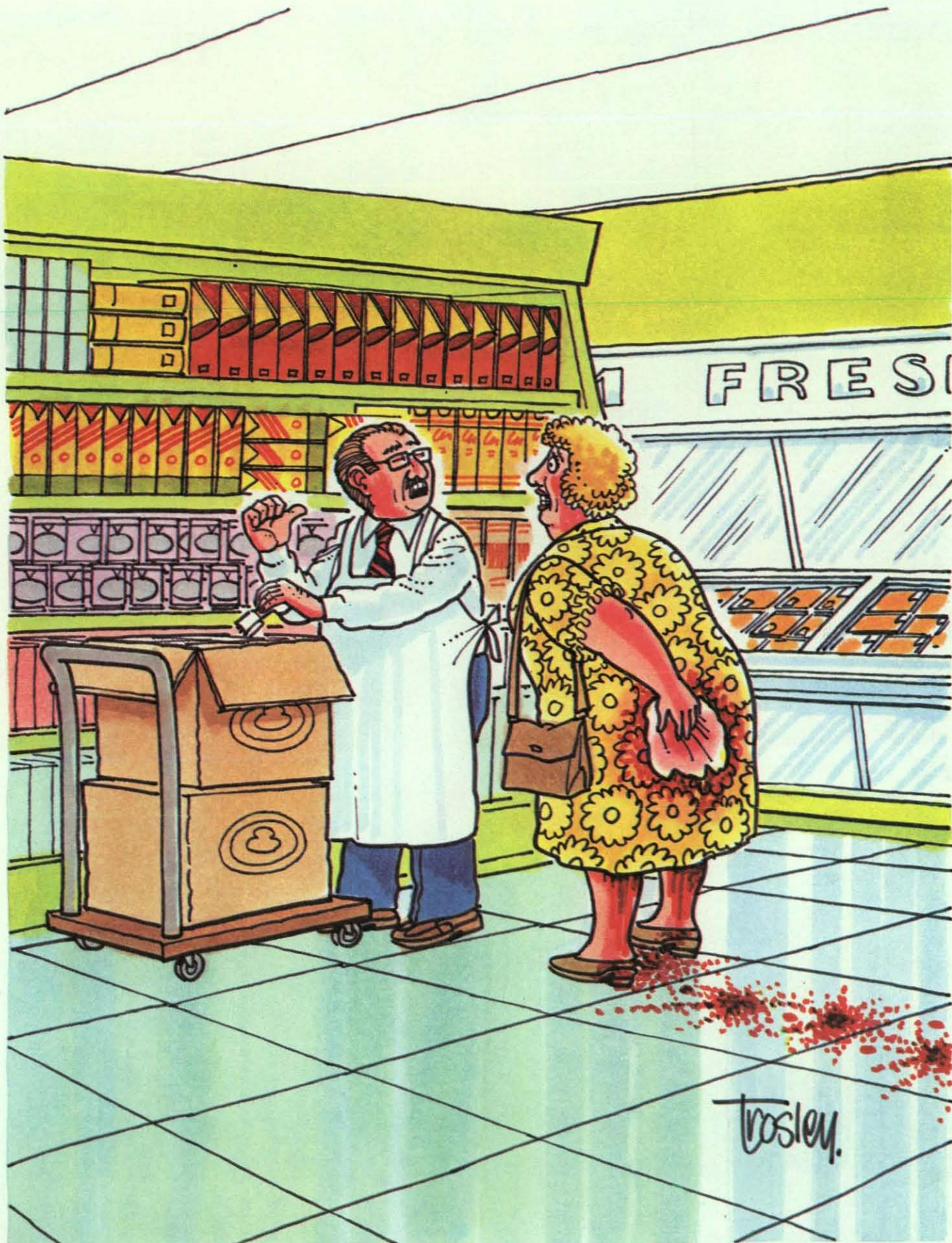
evidence that it increases violent behavior. The so-called evidence against marijuana is also suspect. **HUSTLER:** Do you smoke marijuana? **CLARK:** No, I never have. But for others, the opportunity to smoke should be a question of principle and individual rights. Nobody should be objecting when somebody sells marijuana to my 20-year-old nephew in college. He wants to buy it, and the sellers want to sell it. In my campaign I'll be calling for the immediate legalization of soft drugs. I firmly believe such legislation is feasible within the next four years. **HUSTLER:** How do you regard the media's tendency to spotlight your marijuana stand? **CLARK:** I don't mind it, because their coverage is a way of raising the more important debate about increasing governmental limitations on personal freedoms. If you want to talk about some other horrible personal-freedom abuses, then let's consider inflation—which will steal people's savings and income at the estimated rate of 18% this year. I view inflation as a calculated policy on the part of the Republicans and Democrats to expand the money supply and thus make dollars worth less. Both the increase in the federal deficit and in the money supply are totally under political control. Whenever it wishes,

the government prints more money to pay off budget deficits. That increase in the money supply makes the money we carry with us and hold in our savings accounts worth less. The little guy gets hurt worst by this system. I have the financial resources to speculate in the stock market to make up my losses. But it's just plain criminal to penalize with an 18% annual reduction somebody whose \$5,000 savings account is the only cushion he has in this world. Americans are now suffering so badly that almost-universal support exists for ending inflation, dropping taxes and balancing the budget. This was proved in 1978 when Californians realized that by voting for drastic property-tax relief offered by Proposition 13, they were endorsing both a reduction in government and an end to rampant bureaucratic growth. The ruthless campaign against that now-famous ballot measure warned: "Schools will close, the police force will be undermined, your home will burn down because of firefighter layoffs—every imaginable disaster will strike immediately." Unions, Big Business, reformists and church groups made these scare-tactic arguments. But the man in the street did not believe them. **HUSTLER:** What lessons did we learn from the passage of Proposition 13? **CLARK:** That the popular trend in American society is toward the view that bigger government is no longer for the ordinary citizen; it's against him. Libertarians have been saying the same thing for years. Vietnam initially signaled a massive reappraisal of whether the government was telling the truth, whether it was doing the right thing. Then came Watergate, a national disgrace that made the average man recognize that the morality of the highest political officeholder in the nation was far less worthy than his own. Later the Korea-gate scandal said that the legislative branch is also subject to glaring defects and may not always act solely for the public good. Finally, in terms of social change, Proposition 13 emerged as important as the Vietnam War. Not only did Proposition 13 show that people believe bigger government is bad for them and bad for society; it also demonstrated that people could change the course of their lives. So it would appear that the increasing acceptance of Libertarianism comes along at a time when people are ready for our party's general views. **HUSTLER:** What prompted you to



(continued on page 86)





"Third aisle down . . . second shelf from the top, marked 'Feminine Napkins'!"









# CISSY

## BEDROOM EYES

Cissy's eyes have a power of their own. No man who enters her private room can resist the spell they cast. Even the most controlled of men are captivated by her knowing gaze until they feel they've been stripped naked. Then she too weakens, turned on by her own power. Her inhibitions are overwhelmed by the strength of her sensuality. She feels the satin sheets slide along her soft thighs, and she loses herself in her own passion. Such is the power of Cissy's bedroom eyes.









IMPORTANT—TO  
REMOVE LIFE-SIZE  
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HUSTLER'S HONEY · JULY 1980

































**T**he chapel needed a new ceiling, and a carpenter in the congregation offered his services for free. The preacher, an old fire-and-brimstone black man, was helping him. While working, the carpenter missed the nail he was hammering and hit himself on the thumb. "Ouch!" he screamed in pain.

"What happened, Henry?" the preacher asked.

"Goddamn it, I missed!" he told the pastor.

"If you keep talking like that," the preacher scolded, "God will strike you with a lightning bolt!"

That statement quieted the carpenter down for a while, but later that morning he hit his thumb again. "Goddamn it, I missed!" he yelled.

"I told you what would happen if you talked like that," the preacher warned again.

"I'll try to watch it," the carpenter assured him, but a scant ten minutes later he smacked his thumb again. "Goddamn it, I missed!"

Before the old black preacher could say anything, thunder pealed and a lightning bolt split the roof of the church—striking the black man. There was a moment of stunned silence while the carpenter looked at the ashes that used to be the preacher. Then a booming voice thundered down from the heavens: "Dammit, I missed!"

A couple of lesbians were chatting over drinks in a gay bar when one smiled and waved a friendly hello to another girl across the room.

"Wow!" her companion explained. "Who's *that* good-looking chick? I'd sure like to get *her* spread on the sheets!"

"No, you wouldn't," the first replied. "She's hung like a doughnut!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *tornado* as: Mother Nature giving head.

Two world-famous transplant surgeons were comparing their accomplishments. The first doctor spoke up proudly, "I recently performed an asshole transplant on the Ayatollah Khomeini!"

"How did it work out?" the second surgeon inquired.

Shaking his head in disbelief, the first surgeon replied, "The asshole rejected him!"

After seven years of marriage the young stockbroker still couldn't keep away from other women, but he was quickly running out of excuses to tell his wife. One afternoon he took a good-looking girl to a hotel and made love to her until four in the morning. When he awoke, he quickly called his wife on the phone. When she answered, he said, "Don't pay the ransom, dear—I've just escaped!"

A bigoted nympho decided to have a few soldiers as her guests; so she called the local Army base and asked for the sergeant in charge. "I'd like three soldiers to come to my home for some fun and games this Sunday," she told the man who came to the phone. "But make sure none of them are Jews."

On Sunday, when the lady answered her door, there stood three handsome black men. "We're here for some good times, ma'am!" one of them said.

"But—but—your sergeant must have made a mistake!" she stuttered.

"Oh, no, ma'am," another soldier replied. "Sergeant Goldberg *never* makes mistakes!"

Jerry went to see his doctor, complaining that every time he saw a pretty girl, he got an erection. The physician suggested that he buy a cast-iron jockstrap. Jerry did as he was told, and that night he wore his new garment to a burlesque show. The next morning the newspaper headlines read, "Six Chorus Girls Killed by Flying Shrapnel!"

"I locked my husband out of the house last week for playing around with other women," the attractive young housewife was saying to her preacher, "and now he wants me to take him back. What should I do?"

"It's your Christian duty to take him back," intoned the minister, patting her hand. "But," he added as his grip tightened, "how would you like to get even with the bastard?"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *marijuana* as: the only type of grass capable of mowing down a gardener.

Johnny's mother was taking a bath when it suddenly dawned on her that her son was old enough to know where he came from. So she called him into the bath-

room, pointed to her twat and told him that that was the hole he'd come out of.

Happily, the young boy ran out of the house and down the street. As he skipped along, he sang, "I'm a lucky boy! I'm a lucky boy! I'm a lucky boy!" Presently he came upon Susie, a girl in the neighborhood, who asked, "Johnny, why are you such a lucky boy?"

Johnny made a measuring mark with his fingers and said, "I came about *that* close to being a turd."

*HUSTLER* Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$50. Sorry, we can't return submissions.

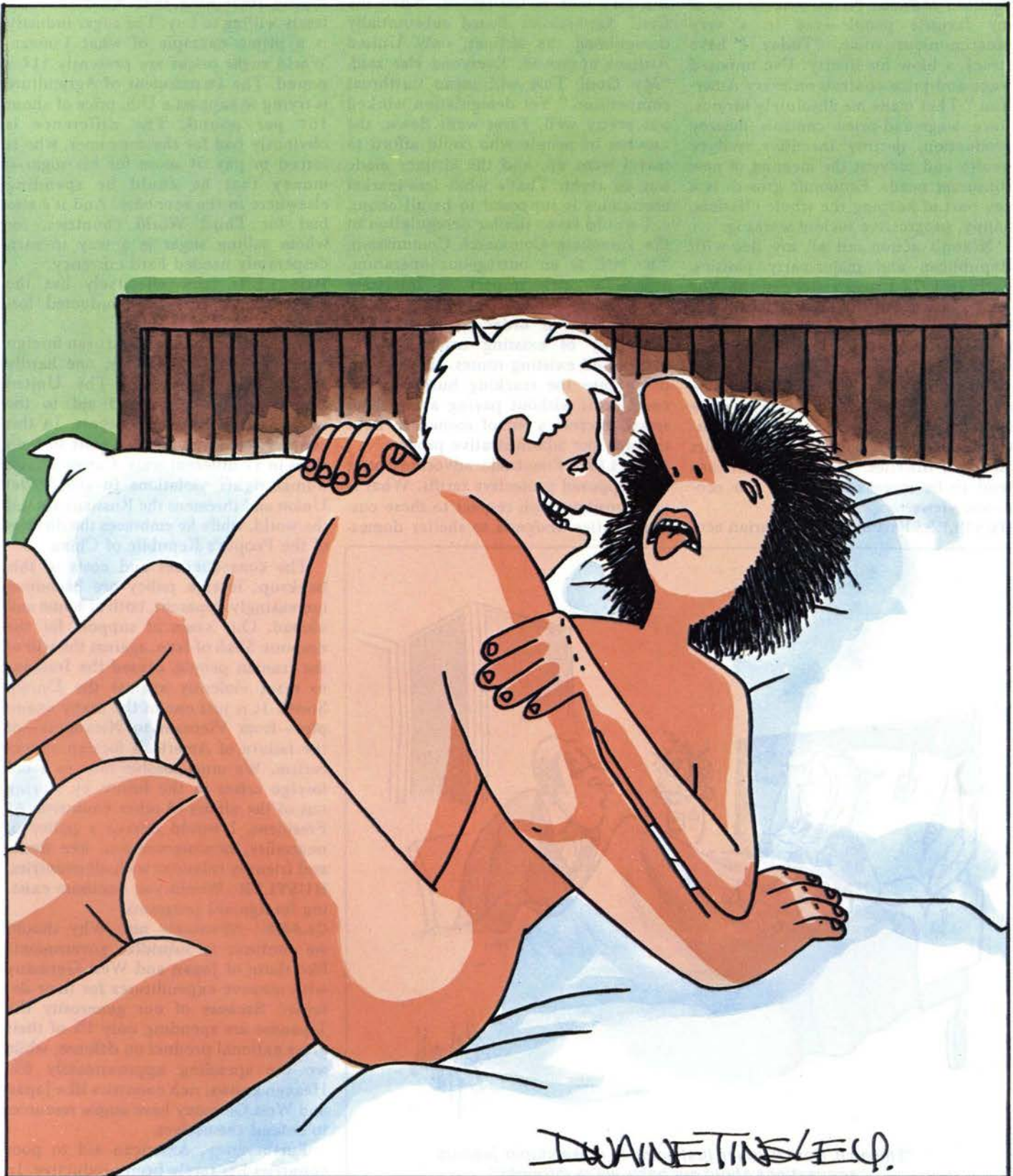
## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...



# CHESTER & HESTER



"You're so lovely, darling. Your skin is like velvet ... your eyes are like a blue lagoon ...  
your snot is like day-old creamed spinach...."



## INTERVIEW: ED CLARK

(continued from page 62)

join the Libertarian Party?

**CLARK:** I began looking for something new on August 15, 1971, the day I turned on my television set to see Richard Milhous Nixon—never one of my favorite people—say in a very sanctimonious voice, "Today I have struck a blow for liberty. I've imposed wage-and-price controls on every American." That made me absolutely furious, since wage-and-price controls destroy production, destroy incentive, reduce wealth and prevent the meeting of new consumer needs. Economic growth is a key part of keeping the whole classless, happy, progressive society working.

Nixon's action cut all my ties with Republican and major-party politics. Early in 1972 I read a story in the *New York Times* about the Libertarians, I got in touch with them and have been active in the party ever since. Our membership includes probably as many former Democrats as former Republicans. The ex-Democrats tend to have been more involved with Vietnam and are more attracted to our positions on foreign affairs and civil liberties. The ex-Republicans tend to be more attracted to our economic views.

**HUSTLER:** Part of the Libertarian eco-

nomic philosophy calls for the drastic reduction of government interference in the marketplace. If everything were deregulated tomorrow, wouldn't that disturb a lot of people who nominally support free enterprise?

**CLARK:** I would expect that to be true. But let's look at the record. When the Civil Aeronautics Board substantially deregulated the airlines, only United Airlines approved. Everyone else said, "My God! This will mean cutthroat competition." Yet deregulation worked out pretty well. Fares went down, the number of people who could afford to travel went up, and the airlines made out all right. That's what free-market economics is supposed to be all about.

I would favor similar deregulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The ICC is an outrageous operation, especially with respect to interstate trucking. Consumers pay billions of dollars a year in order to protect the monopoly of existing trucking companies and existing routes. If you want to go into the trucking business, you can't do it without paying a bunch of smart lawyers a lot of money to fight through the administrative process.

**HUSTLER:** Free-trade advocates have long opposed protective tariffs. What is your position with respect to these customs duties designed to shelter domes-

tic industries from foreign competition? **CLARK:** Immediately and unilaterally I would drop all tariffs directed at products coming from lesser-developed countries. We ought to say to those nations: You should have a chance to sell your goods here as long as you can supply something that Americans are freely willing to buy. The sugar industry is a prime example of what I mean. World sugar prices are presently 11¢ a pound. The Department of Agriculture is trying to support a U.S. price of about 16¢ per pound. The difference is obviously bad for the consumer, who is forced to pay 5¢ more for his sugar—money that he could be spending elsewhere in the economy. And it's also bad for Third World countries, for whom selling sugar is a way to earn desperately needed hard currency.

**HUSTLER:** How effectively has the Carter Administration conducted foreign affairs?

**CLARK:** Our current bipartisan foreign policy is such a shambles, one hardly knows where to begin. The United States supplies arms and aid to the world's worst military despots. In this century we have supplied arms to both sides in 17 different wars. Carter decries human-rights violations in the Soviet Union and threatens the Russians around the world, while he embraces the dictator of the People's Republic of China.

The consequences and costs of this bankrupt foreign policy are becoming increasingly apparent, both at home and abroad. Our years of support for the despotic Shah of Iran, against the will of the Iranian people, caused the Iranians to react violently against the United States. It is just one of the many examples—from Vietnam to Nicaragua—of the failure of America's foreign adventurism. We must resolve now to avoid foreign crises in the future by staying out of the affairs of other countries. As President, I would pursue a policy of neutrality, nonintervention, free trade, and friendly relations with all countries.

**HUSTLER:** Would you continue existing foreign-aid programs?

**CLARK:** Absolutely not. Why should we continue to subsidize governments like those of Japan and West Germany with massive expenditures for their defense? Because of our generosity the Japanese are spending only 1% of their gross national product on defense, while we are spending approximately 6%. Heaven knows, rich countries like Japan and West Germany have ample resources to defend themselves.

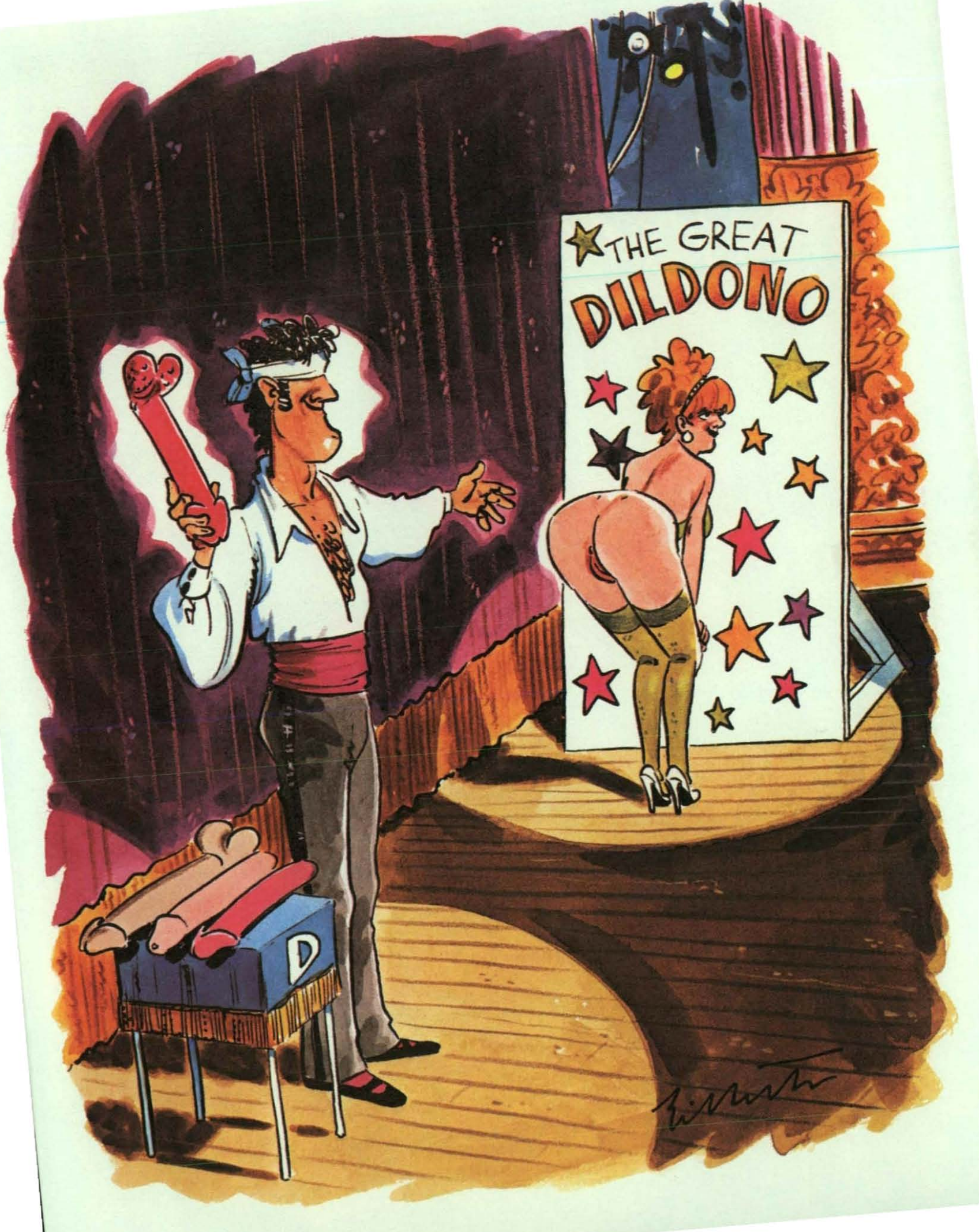
Furthermore, American aid to poor countries has rarely been productive. In

(continued on page 124)



"I mean it, Ron! If you're just going to make stupid, jealous accusations about our baby, we're through!"





★ THE GREAT  
DILDONO

*Signature*





# Dream Come True

Fiction by  
Pepper Parrish

The first time she saw Steve Preston was in the play *Tried and True* at the community theater. He wasn't an actor by profession. He was a stereo repairman just back from the war. His sister happened to write three acts about a returning veteran who had seen all his buddies killed, came home and opened a repair shop. Steve's mother happened to be directing the play. His father said that if he wanted to live in the house and eat for free, he would have to play the part; it was his patriotic duty.

Steve's character was this sensitive guy who pulled through his own problems to help a shy wallflower improve herself; then he ended up falling in love with her himself. Sort of like *My Fair Lady*. At first Steve had resisted acting. But after seven weeks of rehearsals it became almost second nature for him to end each performance by picking up his co-star, SueBelle Evans, and carrying her up the stairs and offstage. SueBelle's blond curls, her perfect complexion, her blue eyes and her tiny frame had become assuringly familiar to Steve. He got to thinking of her as his own girl. And all the dialogue his

sister had written sure sounded better—onstage and off—than the lines he'd previously tried on girls.

Adele Johnson had gone to the play on opening night to review it for her college newspaper. But somehow her writing plans got put aside when Steve made his first entrance. He reminded her of Tony Curtis, only younger, sleeker and sexier. When the final curtain fell, Adele found herself teary-eyed, a starstruck fan asking how to get backstage to meet the actors. Just one look into Steve's eyes convinced her she had to have him.

She returned to the theater the next night and every night the following week, even though she never did write the review. Each time she went, she brushed her long brown hair carefully, smoothed her wrinkled skirt and raced outside the stage door, hoping Steve would stop fawning over SueBelle and





Illustration by John Hamagami



notice she was there. She became such a fixture that Mrs. Preston, Steve's mother, asked her to the cast party at the conclusion of the show's run.

By the time the star and co-star arrived at the party, Adele was busy serving Cokes, wine, potato chips and popcorn to the cast members and cutting up a four-foot-square cake that had the word *Congratulations* scrawled above a frosting copy of the play's program cover. Steve winked at Adele as he took a piece of cake. Before long she noticed him grabbing SueBelle's hand and coaxing her out into the garden.

*Why do handsome men always have to pick up on dumb blondes?* Adele wondered. Impulsively, she slid out the back door, hoping to follow Steve and SueBelle, sort of playfully tagging along. It was a warm night, and there was very little light beyond the patio. By the time her eyes adjusted to the darkness, nobody was visible in the immense garden. Adele felt suddenly awkward and empty standing there alone. She made her way to a swing under an oak tree. And then she heard Steve's voice reciting a line from the play.

"You're beautiful in starlight," he said, speaking from the bushes behind her. Adele's skin flushed warm, then caught the coolness as she swung.

"Shhh, someone might hear," said a

second voice, clearly that of SueBelle.

"There's nobody out here."

"You sure?"

Adele let the swing die of its own rhythm and sat in quiet anticipation.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Trust me."

"I'm cold."

"Just let me look at your body for another minute. Then I'll cover you up."

"With what?"

"With me." Steve's voice became lower and more seductive. SueBelle started to giggle. Adele began to tremble. What she wouldn't give to be there in the bushes with him. She flushed at the exciting thought of lying there herself, 50 feet from a noisy party, without any clothes on.

"Steve, just check and see if anybody's out there," said SueBelle's apprehensive voice. "I won't say no to anything if you check it out."

"What do you expect me to find, another guy?"

"Why would I want another guy when I've got you?" she giggled.

"Oh... another girl. That's it; you want me to find another girl. You want me to bring her out here in the bushes with us and take off her clothes and stroke her boobs like I'm stroking yours." SueBelle let out a little squeak of pleasure. "And maybe you'd want to stroke her firm breasts too, and run your

hands over her flat tummy, just like I am. Maybe you'd like to feel her cooze while I slide into her. And then maybe you'd like to feel her hands on you, stroking you..."

Moans of pleasure began to rise from the bushes, riding on sensation and illusion. Adele shuddered with a passing breeze as the cries rose to a fever pitch. To better conceal herself, she moved from the swing to the other side of the oak, settling on its gnarled roots. She longed for some attention to her own lithe body that would let her release the pressures pounding between her thighs.

"Did you ever make it with a girl?" Adele now heard Steve saying as he returned to an earlier theme.

"Not exactly," SueBelle replied.

"Bet you'd like it."

"I wouldn't know what to do. I'd be scared about what the other girl would think."

"I've got to take you to see some skin flicks," said Steve. "Let you get a line on the possibilities."

"You like movies like that?"

"Not as much as the real thing."

"Ever make it with two girls?" SueBelle teased.

"No, but it's always been a dream of mine. How 'bout it, SueBelle? What if I find someone who's willing? Would you go for it?"

"We'll see."

The conversation stopped, and was followed by more sighs and groans. Adele felt trapped and frustrated. She had to get away from the garden and leave the party. She waited until the sounds of lovemaking rose in intensity. Then she tiptoed across the grass to the fence and fled into the night.

The next time Adele encountered Steve Preston was two years later, when she took her stereo to his electronics shop to be repaired. He looked as terrific as ever—wild brown hair, distant blue eyes, taut muscles filling out his tight T-shirt. For those two years she had often dreamed of replacing SueBelle in the bushes. She hoped Steve would recognize her. As he spoke, she found herself hypnotized by the same resonant tone that had brought her to the theater every night for two weeks—and that had fueled her fantasies ever since.

"Did you ever do any other plays after *Tried and True*?" Adele asked.

"Hell, did you see me in that?"

"Every night."

"No shit."

"Went to the cast party too."

"You did? I don't remember seeing you there."

"I had to leave early," she said. "What-

(continued on page 100)







"Sorry, Lefty, but we've had a power failure!"









# CELLMATES

Dark prison shadows cover the desires of captive women. Confined, far away from civilization and men, their frustrations grow. They have often stared at one another, admiring each other's full breasts and graceful bodies. Finally, they are no longer able to hold down their desires. The cellmates unlock their passions and find the pleasures of freedom in the moist warmth of each other's love. They would have men, but there are none. So they have each other.



























## DREAM COME TRUE

(continued from page 90)

ever happened to your leading lady?"

"Married her," Steve beamed. Adele was stunned, although she hid her disappointment well. So much for her long-time fantasy that Steve would be single and would notice her at last. She stood in the shop just looking at him dumbly, not knowing quite what to say.

"How 'bout a cup of coffee for my best fan?"

"Okay."

Steve closed up the shop and slipped an arm around Adele's shoulder. They crossed the street and walked over to a diner.

"Now tell me all about how you got interested in plays," Steve began, pouring sugar into his cup. He watched her hazel eyes closely as she started talking about herself. Then he inspected all of her face, focusing perhaps just a little too long on her full red lips.

Adele could feel vibrations. When Steve put his hands on the table near hers, she could sense a special warmth. She found him easy to talk to about college, about her friends or whatever. When she mentioned her boyfriend, Steve didn't ask in so many words if she'd slept with the guy. But when she finished, he knew she hadn't. Steve

never asked if she would sleep with him. And when they finished their coffee, he knew that she would.

Steve put his arm around Adele's shoulders again as they returned to the shop. Looking up at him, standing close, she was certain he wanted to make it with her. But guilt was mingling with her sexual hunger.

"What about SueBelle?" She hoped he was bored with his wife.

"What about her?" Steve said, moving even closer.

"Does she know what you're after? Does she mind?"

"No."

Adele was stymied. She wanted assurances that he liked her and cared about her. She wanted promises of a real relationship. But he wasn't giving any.

"Do you mind?" Steve asked, his voice dropping into the same seductive tone she'd heard from the bushes two years earlier.

"Mind what?" Adele asked in turn. He didn't answer right away. For a minute she thought she'd blown it.

"Making it with a married man?"

"Is that all?" The words came out slowly, carefully, her eyes locking into him, searching his hidden places, waiting while her crotch warmed and creamed. She softened her gaze to seem a little less formidable.

Steve put his arms around Adele and kissed her, catching her off guard. She concentrated on the strength of his arms. Her lips yearned to submit to the wetness of his lips and the sharpness of his teeth nibbling on her lower lip. She closed her eyes and relaxed.

"Adele?" he murmured, breaking the mood.

"Hmmm?"

"Would you consider making it with me and SueBelle together?" Suddenly Adele was there in the garden again; sitting beneath an oak tree, wanting to be found.

"You don't give a girl much time, do you?" she said, opening her eyes and looking up into his.

"I haven't got much time."

"What's the rush?"

"No rush. The point is, I'd like to make it with you and SueBelle, and I don't think you'd really object."

"What makes you think that?"

"You're still here. You haven't even jumped or blinked."

Adele looked hard into his eyes. If she wanted him, she had to buy into his fantasy too.

"You want to, don't you, Adele?"

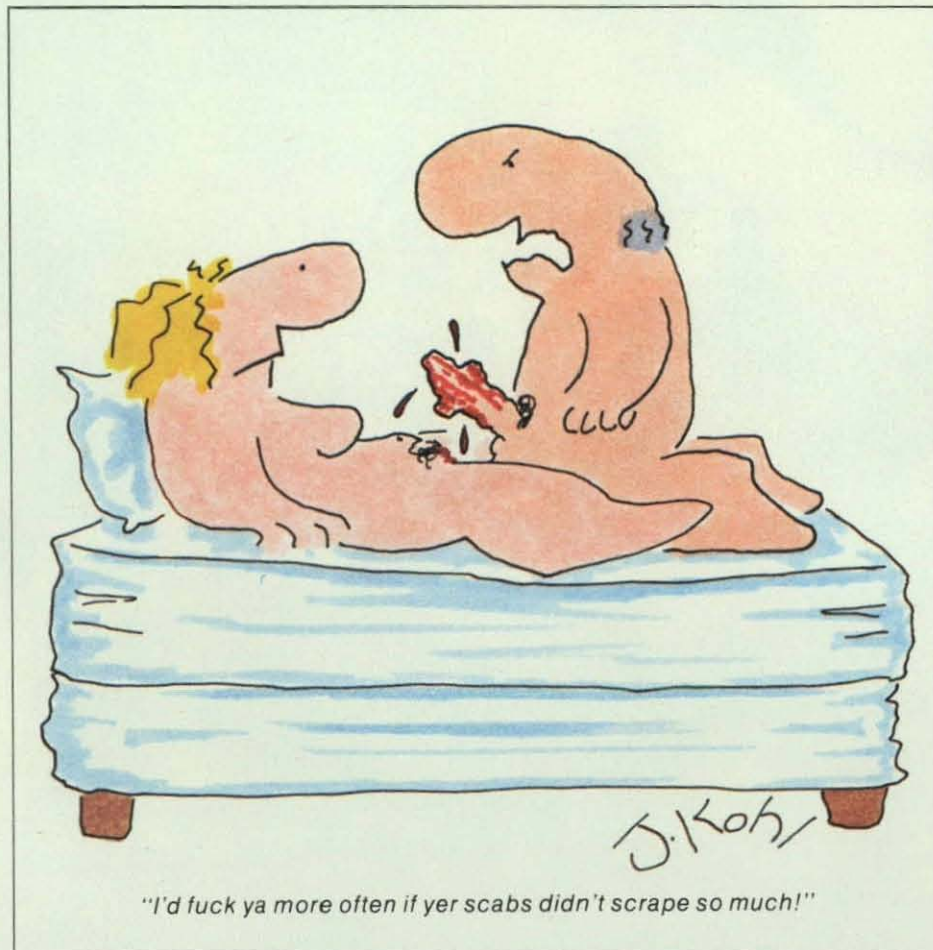
Adele waited, wondering what she really did want. Her voice came out very small: "Yes."

"Great. Now what would you say to a preview of coming attractions?"

Adele said nothing, simply nodding her willingness. Steve reached over and locked the front door. Then he took Adele's hand and led her into the back room. By the far wall was a couch with a green pillow and a red blanket piled on one end. Steve turned her around, kissed her, and all at once began taking off her clothes. She shivered as the dress left her shoulders, and balanced a hand on his shoulder as he slid off her panties.

He looked at her body, studying her tits and crotch as he undid his own clothes. Then he pulled her down onto the couch and began to stroke her tight flesh. Her nipples erected, and she moved her body to press her breasts into his hand for more.

Steve worked the nipples between his fingers until Adele's body writhed with pleasure. He pressed his chest against her breasts and ran his hand down over her smooth bare stomach until he found the beginning of hair. He drew a semi-circle from leg to leg along the hair line, and she gasped. His fingers searched through forests of curls as she spread her legs to help him. He found her labia and brushed the hair away from the engorged and moist tissue. His middle finger circled her clitoris and began to tease her. Adele pressed her body into his hand to make the contact that she







"After all, Joseph, He is the boy's real father!"



longed for, crying out when she found it.

He drew his hand away, and finding hers on the back of the couch, wrapped it around his erect cock and started moving it up and down. When she took up the motion, he put his hand back on her vulva and plunged his fingers inside and out, stroking them up between her labial lips to tease her clitoris again. Her hand grew tired of pumping up and down, but Steve gave no indication that he was going to get on top of her and plunge his cock into her. She waited, still stroking, hungry for something more than a tease. But he didn't move.

Finally, she pulled up her elbows and threw her leg over his thigh. She raised her hips and tentatively lowered herself onto his mushroomed cock. It seemed so natural. He thrust regularly, and she rotated her hips to his rhythm. His hands returned to grasp at her breasts, taunting her nipples into eager excitement. She flew, and her cunt clasped him in sharp involuntary spasms until she knew he would come any instant.

"It's okay," she gasped in assurance, clinging to his torso as it shuddered in orgasm.

She crouched over him and savored the moistness between them until their bodies quieted. Then she eased off and rolled over into the space between him and the back of the couch. Steve

reached for a cigarette. He lighted the match with one hand, drew a little deeper than he had intended, and coughed.

"Steve, if I make it with you and SueBelle, can we make it again like this afterward, just the two of us?"

"I s'pose so."

"SueBelle won't mind?"

"I don't know. I s'pose not. After all, what's the difference?"

"Does SueBelle want to make it with another woman?"

"She won't say it, but she does. Sort of a fascination. Like it is for you."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

"How come you want to make it with two women?"

"Aw, come on Adele. What guy wouldn't? Call it an all-time dream-come-true, okay?"

"Okay." They lay on the couch for what seemed the rest of the afternoon, talking and stroking one another. They were surprised when they got up to find it was only 2:30.

"When do I get to meet SueBelle?" Adele finally asked.

"I'll call you."

She left her phone number, brushed her hair, dressed and was gone much faster than Steve would have liked.

\* \* \*

He didn't call as soon as Adele had

anticipated. After three weeks of solitary thinking she began to regret her decision to play into his fantasy. Why was she so willing to do it anyway? Was she paying off for a fast fuck on a back-room couch? Seductive fantasies were one thing; sharing a man for real was another. Now Adele wasn't so sure she wanted to go through with it.

Rain cascaded down the windows of her studio apartment and dimmed the room. She sat with an emery board, filing her nails, staring at the streaks on the glass.

What if Steve wanted her and SueBelle to make it so he could watch? Adele had seen movies of women making love, and her fascination with those scenes frightened her. She was afraid she might learn to like women as well as she did men—maybe even prefer them. She didn't want that. She wanted marriage and a man. *Maybe, she thought, I can steal him from SueBelle.*

The phone rang just as she decided to drop by the shop to tell Steve that she didn't want a threesome—that she wanted him alone.

"Adele?" Steve's voice melted her resolve.

"Hi, Steve."

"How 'bout tonight?"

"All of us?"

"Yeah. I got the key to my folks' cabin for the weekend. Thought we'd go out there, away from the neighbors."

"Steve, I'm not sure I want to."

"Aw, come on, Adele. For me, baby. Be a dream-come-true."

"Steve . . . I'm not a lesbian."

"Who said you were? You don't have to do anything you don't want to. Just let me fly you, baby. You know we're good together."

"But SueBelle—"

"She's not going to come on to you. Besides, you can always say no."

Steve was right. Adele didn't have to run away from a pleasurable experience just because of some distant, down-the-road fear. Now she was convinced she could draw her own lines, make her own rules, set her own standards.

"Okay, where and when?"

Steve's sigh of relief was just faintly lecherous. "The shop at 5:30. We'll meet SueBelle for dinner and then drive out to the cabin. We'll have lots of time to get it together, then come back tomorrow afternoon."

"Do I need to bring anything?"

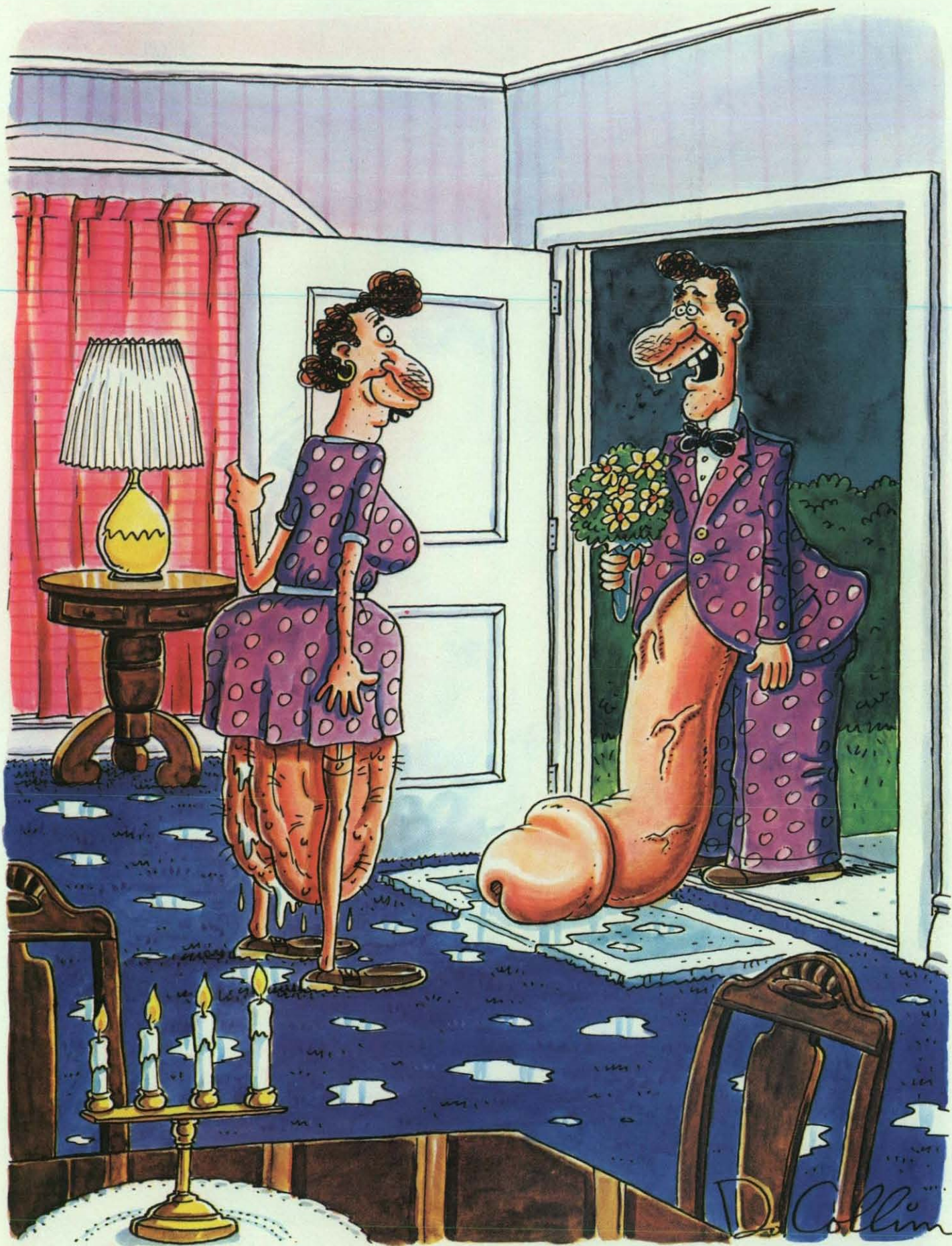
"Just your beautiful bod, for the main course," Steve said playfully. "And your lips to nibble for dessert." As an afterthought he borrowed a corny line from the play: "I miss you, Adele."

But that's exactly what she was wait-

(continued on page 110)







"Hi! The computer-dating service sent me."



# ELAINE

*homebody*



Alone at home, Elaine has everything she needs. She knows that in the comfort and privacy of her room there is a world of pleasure all her own. Here she is free to explore the inner wonders of her body. She has loosened her garment to expose herself to herself. Her own touch carries her to the heights of ecstasy.

To Elaine, there's no place like home.







Photography by Suze Randall



















## DREAM COME TRUE

(continued from page 102)

ing to hear. She clung to the phone even after the line was disconnected, holding on to the feeling of being wanted.

Adele was grateful when it stopped raining by five o'clock. It was hard to look seductive in rain boots and a poncho. Instead, she slipped into skin-tight black pants and a tight red sweater, tying it to accentuate her cleavage without being too obvious. Her nipples pressed on the soft knit and hardened—turgid under clinging fabric.

The shop door was locked. No one was inside. Adele checked her watch: 5:30 exactly. She rapped on the door. No answer. Her doubts began to take over again. She was considering walking away from the whole thing when a car pulled up to the curb. Steve pushed the passenger door open and waited for her to get inside.

"Hungry?"

"A bit," she lied. She was starved, but she knew she couldn't eat anything, because of all the conflicting emotions percolating inside her: excitement, anticipation, horniness, fear.

They drove to a small restaurant outside of town. SueBelle was waiting at a round table. The three of them sat not

quite equidistant from one another, SueBelle in the middle. The women eyed each other cautiously and fell into carefully noncommittal conversation. Each of them carefully avoided looking at Steve, but he didn't notice.

Later, during the strained drive to the cabin, they all sat together in the front seat. SueBelle in the center and Adele hugging the door. They still said nothing about the adventure they were about to share. Adele tried to imagine what would happen once they arrived. She visualized an A-frame cabin with a bedroom in the loft, a fireplace and a cozy kitchen with a potbellied stove.

"It's okay with me, if that makes any difference to you," said SueBelle, bringing Adele back to reality.

"What?"

"I mean, no problem about you making it with Steve. I always figured a guy needs more than one woman. Higher beedo."

"Higher what?"

"She means libido—sex drive," Steve explained.

"Oh." Adele didn't know exactly what she was supposed to say or feel. She settled for watching the white highway line in the headlight beams.

"I never meant to stop Steve... when we got married, I mean. It's just that

there wasn't nobody. Nobody he went for. Nobody he figured would give him what he wanted, ya know?"

At least Adele had some consolation to hang on to. So far she was the only one.

"I never made it with nobody else but Steve," SueBelle said. "Have you?"

"Well, yeah."

"With three, like we're going to?"

"No, not like that."

"With a woman?" SueBelle asked.

"No, just with a guy."

"Oh, well, I've done that. What I mean is, I've never made it with nobody else at the same time."

"Oh, I haven't either."

"You scared, Adele?"

"A little bit."

"I was too, but Steve said there wasn't nothing to it. Just to do what feels good, and to watch you two like in the X-rated movies. We usually go to a drive-in to see the best ones so we can give each other handjobs during the exciting scenes. You ever do that?"

"No, I haven't." Adele tried to smile. She couldn't relate to SueBelle's straightforwardness, but she was trying.

Steve glanced over at Adele, and his look was an instant visual fuck, awakening sensations in her body that made her just a little more horny. *He'd better pay off for all the waiting*, she thought.

The car pulled into a driveway, its headlights illuminating the tiny one-story cabin nestled among the trees. SueBelle unlocked the front door and turned on the lights. Steve handed Adele a bag of groceries from the trunk and gestured for her to follow him. As soon as they reached the kitchen, he put his arms around Adele, kissed her and started to take off her jacket.

"Steve, it's freezing in here," she protested.

"Details, details, details." He stopped and lighted the oil heater in the corner of the room. He came back to Adele, resuming where he had left off.

"Settle for a kiss, handsome," she teased. "I haven't warmed up yet."

The kiss soon became a snuggle on a nearby couch, and a few minutes later a struggle to remove clothes, layer by layer, without getting up. Sufficiently aroused, they lay naked on the couch. Then and there, Adele wanted him to herself. But she didn't want to break the rules. She wondered what had happened to SueBelle. Steve didn't seem to care; he was preoccupied with Adele's pert nipples.

"Steve," Adele said, abruptly wriggling away, worried that his wife would resent not being part of the preliminaries. "Shouldn't we join SueBelle in the bedroom?" (continued on page 116)

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# Beaver Hunt

Things always seem to heat up in July; so why not take advantage of the situation by snapping some sizzling snapshots of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

All photographs submitted become the non-returnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 116 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Rick Jones



Judye Jones, a 25-year-old dancer from Houston, Texas, likes to go flying and sky diving. Her fantasy is "having two guys at once."

Photo by Friend



M. S., 27, from central Florida, enjoys dancing, swimming and golf. Her favorite fantasy is to make love in front of mirrors.



Photo by Frank Campanella



A cool cat from Clementon, New Jersey, Tabitha dreams about taking on two big toms at the same time.



Michelle Hering is a 27-year-old lab technician from Tustin, California, whose hobbies include horseback riding and sunbathing in the nude. She fantasizes about "giving head all night long to my favorite guy."

Photo by Husband



Photo by Cynthia Gentile

An artist from New York, Doreen, 22, likes to pose for pictures and sunbathe nude. Her fantasy is to become a HUSTLER Honey and "have every guy get turned on just by looking at me."



Photo by Donald Dismang



Alice Dismang is a 27-year-old waitress from Jeffersonville, Indiana. She says her hobby is "crotch-watching," and she dreams of "having sex in a public place, with strangers watching."

Lindy Mist, 23, a secretary from Amarillo, Texas, enjoys horseback riding, bowling and men. She fantasizes about making love on a pool table with Robert Redford.



Photo by Bruce Woods

Photo by Vern Delbert



A 23-year-old housewife from Shawnee, Oklahoma, Cindy Delbert likes to man-watch in her spare time. She dreams about making love to the lead singer of the rock group Kansas.





Photo by Ray Proctor



Dee is a 19-year-old housewife from Copperas Cove, Texas, whose hobbies include swimming, dancing and drawing. Her fantasies are "to be a centerfold in HUSTLER and to make it in public while everyone watches."

Jeni Proctor, 19, likes to fly kites at a nudist camp near her home in Honolulu, Hawaii. Her fantasy is "making love to a man while my husband watches and masturbates."

Photo by Husband



Twenty-six-year-old Dru Ann Sims, a housewife from Miramar, Florida, enjoys swimming. She dreams of "making love to my husband at night, on the beach, in front of a fire."

Photo by Kevin





# One for the Ladies

Photo by Brent Benson



Brent Benson, a 25-year-old heavy-equipment operator from Baltic, Connecticut, enjoys softball, basketball and golf. He says his fantasy is "to star in porn films."

Sarah, 30, a housewife from Hurst, Texas, likes to dance, read, swim and model. Her fantasy is to appear in HUSTLER.



Photo by Adrian

Photo by Tom Wells



Rochester, New York, is the home of 18-year-old Dora Miller, a student whose hobbies include bike riding and disco dancing. She likes to fantasize about making love on a beach at sunrise.





# HUSTLER®

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 111). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

Send prize to: \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

## DREAM COME TRUE

(continued from page 110)

"In a minute," he replied, nibbling on her earlobe.

"That's not fair," she whined. "You said you wanted a threesome."

"Okay, okay."

SueBelle was lying undressed on the bed, doing her best to look like a centerfold. She had been posed just a little too long to still be convincing. While she had once been turned on, now SueBelle was just waiting.

Carrying a bottle of sherry and three glasses, Steve sat on the bed beside his wife and motioned for Adele to join them. To break the tension that had been building for hours, he made a toast to their mutual gratification. As if on cue, the girls began to stroke Steve's arms and chest, then his face and shoulders. Like a windshield wiper, he turned his head back and forth, sharing kisses that were sloppy with wine and wet with saliva.

Putting down his glass, he rubbed their backs and directed their slender, naked bodies to his sides, tensing his thighs to press them into each of their crotches. Next, he guided their heads down to his chest so that their mouths slid over curly hairs and their tongues teased tiny erections from his nipples.

Their mouths lingered briefly on his chest before venturing across his stomach and down to his abdomen. He shuddered ecstatically and began giving in to the rush he had dreamed about for years.

With fascination, Adele watched SueBelle attentively stroke every familiar sensitive spot of her husband's body. Then Adele repeated each movement herself. Together they explored his tightened stomach muscles and reached out for the cock that suddenly hungered for their mouths.

Carefully, SueBelle licked down one side. Adele followed her lead until they met at his balls. In unison they expertly began a slow ascent of his shaft. SueBelle worked unhesitatingly, with her eyes closed, using only her tongue as a guide.

While SueBelle was again running her tongue down the shaft of Steve's cock, Adele took the head in her mouth and began to alternately suck and press with her tongue. She rode the thrusting, giving it back with her shoulders and neck, pumping in rhythm with her lips and tongue.

Feeling SueBelle pushing her away, Adele let Steve's cock slide out of her mouth and into SueBelle's. Adele's jaws were tired. She welcomed the change of pace, teasing her tongue down to

Steve's stomach, over his thigh and plunging it down behind his balls.

It excited her to hear his breathing when she licked the strong cords. The scent of his balls, mixed with the memory of SueBelle's saliva wet on the shaft, prompted Adele to breathe deeply too. Suddenly Steve caught his breath, and his legs tensed beneath Adele's body as his semen pumped into SueBelle's mouth, running from her lips as she tried to hold it all and swallow. Adele watched the skin of Steve's scrotum writhing in its own erotic patterns.

When Adele looked up to see SueBelle's face glowing with satisfaction, she noticed something new. No longer did SueBelle seem like the typical dumb blonde. She radiated confidence as she leaned back, her hand replacing her mouth on Steve's cock. She looked at her husband knowingly, accepting his silent satisfaction as easily as she accepted his sperm and his love.


The women rested on either side of Steve until he recovered his breath and fell asleep.

Adele lay awake, replaying in her mind what had just transpired. She hadn't been forced to do anything she didn't want to do. Or maybe she had. She needed to face the fact that SueBelle loved Steve. She could not wipe the confident glow on SueBelle's face from her mind. The loving way she looked at him. The way she knew him. The way she accepted him. The bond between them.

For two years Adele had clung to the hope that Steve might turn his attentions her way. At the repair shop she'd calculated that by playing into his fantasy she could gradually lure him away from his marriage and into her bed. Adele knew she was much smarter than SueBelle. She had counted on Steve's being discontented with an empty-headed woman. But now, observing SueBelle peacefully sleeping in the bend of Steve's elbow, Adele realized that there was no way she could successfully compete with her.

The next morning the three of them had breakfast and walked in the woods until it was time to leave. Nothing further was said about their escapade the night before.

Back in her apartment Adele felt an emptiness inside herself now that her fantasy was dead. She told herself she would have been better off never having witnessed the special affection that existed between Steve and his wife.

Several days later Adele had her phone number changed. She never went back to Steve's repair shop to pick up her stereo. But that wasn't her only loss. She would also never know how much Steve really wanted her. 



You don't find too many bankers writing for *Kinky Korner*. But, believe me, at our branch bank quite a few officers hide copies of *HUSTLER* behind the larger pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. My story proves that some people will do anything for money.

About six months ago I was promoted to senior loan officer at a prestigious bank in the Midwest. A few weeks after my promotion our town was hit by a series of terrible rainstorms. On the day I'm recalling here, the weather was so bad that only a pair of tellers, a guard and myself were able to make it into work.

By the end of the work day I was bored and was looking forward to going home, drinking a few beers and jerking off to some back issues of *HUSTLER*. You see, I've been divorced for about two years, and even though I try to meet women, I guess I've never been lucky at love.

I was thinking about my lack of sexual companionship when, almost a half-hour before closing time, a tall woman wearing a bulky, yellow-plastic raincoat walked in and sat down at my desk.

The woman, who I'll call Angie, was about 5-9, with golden curls that cascaded to her shoulders and an hourglass figure. She was well-endowed in every way—except for her cash-flow. As we discussed her credit rating, Angie told me that she was a secretary earning about \$9,500 a year. She was 40 years old, married and wanted to borrow \$2,000 so that she could surprise her husband with a new videotape machine and a collection of tapes.

Just to make conversation, I asked her what kind of tapes she planned to buy. She explained that she and her husband both enjoyed watching hardcore porno films. Then something unexpected happened: Angie gave me a seductive wink, leaned across my desk and said, "By the way, my husband's been out of town for a while on business." I couldn't believe my ears!

*Kinky Korner* is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



## LUST ON LOAN

by Andy Kelsey

I began figuring out the details of the loan on the bank's computer. But the rainstorm had fouled up the computer terminal at my desk; so I excused myself to go to another terminal, located in an office down the hall. When I stood up from my chair, there was no way to disguise the bulge my cock made as it pushed against my pinstriped pants.

I was relaying all the pertinent info into the backup terminal when Angie walked into the office. Her black skirt was slit to mid-thigh, exposing a pair of long legs that wouldn't quit. She pouted and said she was tired of waiting alone by my desk. That made it hard to concentrate on the computer's readout, but

soon the bad news came through: All of Angie's belongings were registered in her husband's name, and she couldn't borrow more than a couple of hundred dollars without his signature.

When Angie learned this, she headed straight for the door. I thought that would be the last I'd see of her, but to my surprise, Angie didn't leave. Instead, she locked the door, turned around and began walking back to me.

"Excuse me," she said, undoing the top buttons on her blouse. "You don't know how badly I need this loan. Besides, I think there's one very important credit check you forgot to run."

And with that, she moved directly in front of me and placed my hand on her breasts. Then she unsnapped her bra and put my hand on one of her satin-smooth globes. Although Angie had told me she was 40, she had the firm breasts of a 25-year-old. I lowered my head and began sucking on her tits.

She started moaning softly, pushing my head away and caressing her breasts by herself. Then she lifted up her skirt and treated me to a view of her wet, sheer panties. Her heart-shaped pubic bush was visible, and she started rubbing her cunt lips with her free hand.

Suddenly, she beckoned me to come forward. Slightly out of breath from fingering herself, Angie proceeded to unzip my fly and release my cock from its confinement. She started pumping me with her hand and, after a few seconds, bent down and licked my shaft.

Never before had I experienced such an incredible blowjob. Most women I've met in the past just don't know how to give good head. They've bitten the tip of my dick or licked it all over in a sloppy and slobbering manner. But Angie was obviously an expert. Her lips were pulled back over her teeth so that she wouldn't scratch my sensitive cock, moving her tongue over the entire length and gently teasing my balls with her fingertips.

I was close to shooting my load. I



grabbed a handful of golden hair and spurted into Angie's anxious mouth. A few more seconds of sucking followed as she diddled herself to orgasm. Then she pulled away, a thin string of cum stretching from my cock to the corner of her mouth.

I wanted to do more, but it was getting close to 3 p.m. So I suggested we zip up and get back to the business at hand. Wiping a glob of cum from her chin, Angie asked about the new status of her credit rating. I told her it was more than adequate, and back at my desk we briefly discussed the terms of the loan.

I was still horny as hell and desperate

to get my cock into her sweet cunt; so I tried to think of some way we could carry on our fucking after the bank closed. Then I suddenly got a brilliant idea.

"Why don't you go freshen up for a few minutes?" I suggested to Angie, pointing her toward the bathroom. At closing time I casually told the guard that I had a few more things to attend to and would lock the bank's door myself on the way out. I also promised to turn on the burglar-alarm switch. He smiled approvingly and wished me a good night.

After everyone had gone, Angie came out of the ladies room. I took her by the hand and led her to the bank's vault in

the back of the building. Once we were both inside the vault, Angie took her clothes off and licked her lips with her catlike tongue.

Without a word she lay down on top of the clothing scattered on the vault's floor and spread her legs wide open. I quickly doffed my pinstriped suit and positioned my face over her muff, licking her clitoris.

When Angie's cunt was hot and juicy, I substituted my cock for my tongue and began ramming my body against hers. Each time I thrust my hips toward her, she pushed herself closer to me and literally *pulled* my cock deeper and deeper into her slit.

Just before I was about to come, Angie shoved me away. "Fuck me in the ass now," she implored. She turned over and pulled her ass cheeks apart, revealing her puckered brown hole. Then she told me to rub her cunt sweat and some spit onto my cock for lubricating purposes. I'd never had anal sex before, but I wasn't about to refuse her command. I pointed my dick directly at her anus and eased myself inside.

As my rigid cock entered her asshole, Angie's sphincter muscles alternately gripped and released it. Her ass seemed a lot tighter than her cunt. After awhile I was pounding so hard against her that I could hear the sound of my balls slapping against her ass. I reached underneath her and grabbed onto her tits so I wouldn't slip out of her butt.

*My God, I thought, this is absolute pleasure.* All the time I was ass-fucking Angie, vivid sensations passed through my mind and body. The power of my prick reaming into her ass, the raw sexuality pulsing in my groin and the tremendous amount of wealth locked inside the room with us made me explode with a massive orgasm, shooting wads of cum into her rectum.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her asshole, watching it emerge inch by inch. Her ass was still pointed in the air; so I started to rim her, licking up my own love fluids as they seeped out. When Angie let out a sharp moan and then sighed, I knew she was finally satisfied.

Well, that happened about six months ago. Since then I've fucked Angie about a dozen times. Her husband isn't even aware of our affair; he's probably too busy watching the X-rated videotapes Angie bought with the loan I approved for her that day. Each month, Angie comes in with her payments. And in order to hide the loan from her husband, she always brings her installments in hard, cold cash. Personally, I prefer her warm, soft body.

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Sweet Judy needs good loving on her birthday. Her friend has only one candle to blow out so she makes a wish and starts sucking. Her second friend arrives and demands that everyone share. Both friends get fucked and each cums in Judy's waiting mouth.



**DM-109 Milkmaid's Threesome**

Holy cow! The infamous Milkmaid is hosting a party. Milkmaid and her girlfriend get eaten and fucked by her boyfriend. He gets a face full of warm milk while being sucked. They cum with him shooting off on the girl's belly as Milkmaid slurps it clean.



**DM-115 Rainy Day Party**

Lisa and her buxom friend are sweating from their lovemaking when her boyfriend enters. Lisa sucks him up. Her girlfriend guides them through some wild fucking and sucking until her boyfriend cums across her huge tits.



**DM-110 Teacher's Girl**

A shocked teacher discovers his pupil smoking instead of doing her homework. A firm spanking is followed by a wet pussy licking. Concerned Teach feels it's better for his student to suck cock than a cigarette. He fucks her pussy until she oozes beyond belief and then cums on her face.



**DM-124 Judy's Three-Way**

Judy and her girlfriend have a hot thing going when in walks her boyfriend. He turns up the heat fucking both girls, shoving his cock in deep. Both girls share him until boiling cock erupts in Judy's mouth. Cum drips from her tongue as she licks it clean.

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# Honey

A HOT DAY IN LATE JUNE FINDS HONEY AND THE GIRLS SHOPPING DOWNTOWN...

HEY! WHAT'S THIS POSTER SAY?  
A FOURTH OF JULY PARADE!

OOOH! LOOK AT ZEE CUTE  
PUPPEEZ! WEENIE-DOGS!

FOUR<sup>th</sup>  
of JULY  
Parade  
FLOAT  
CONTEST



MALL PET SHOP

THEY'RE CUTE, BUT  
I PREFER WEENIES  
BETWEEN THE BUNS!

MMMMM! A  
LEATHER SHOP!  
MINE  
FAVORITE!

EMPIRE STRIKES  
BACK

DENTIST



SINCE 1861

IT SAYS THE TOWN'S MERCHANTS  
ARE INVITED TO ENTER A FLOAT  
IN THE PARADE! THE BEST FLOAT  
WILL BE HONORED AT A  
PATRIOTIC BANQUET!

IT ALSO SAYS  
THAT THE  
THEME OF THE  
PARADE WILL BE  
LIBERATION!

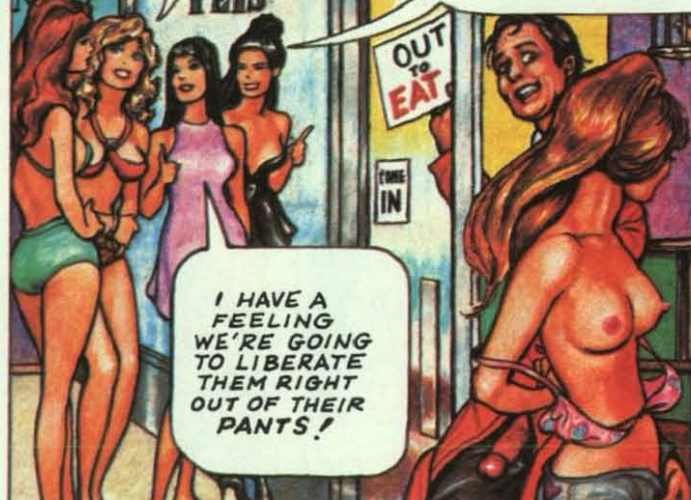
GIRLS, IT'S OUR CIVIC DUTY AS MERCHANTS TO  
ENTER THIS PARADE, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR  
A FLOAT THAT WOULD BE VERY  
LIBERATING!

YOU'RE A  
MERCHANT!

OOOH! LOOK  
AT ZEE OTHER  
CUTE PET. I  
THEENK HE WANTS  
TO PLAY WIZ ME!

I LOVE PARADES!  
THERE'LL BE MARCHING  
BANDS, DRUM MAJORS...

MMMM! I WOULD  
LIKE TO BEAT A  
DRUM MAJOR!



I HAVE A  
FEELING  
WE'RE GOING  
TO LIBERATE  
THEM RIGHT  
OUT OF THEIR  
PANTS!



BACK AT HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE, HONEY AND A FEW HELPERS ARE HARD AT WORK ON THE FLOAT, WHILE THE REST OF THE GIRLS ARE AT WORK ON HARD CUSTOMERS!

HONEY ISS REALLY KEEPING US UP IN THE AIR ABOUT DER SECRET FLOAT!

I THINK THIS MYSTERY IS ABOUT TO COME TO A CONCLUSION!

I'LL BET IT'S ABOUT FEMALE LIBERATION!

BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!  
SAW!  
SAW!

HACK!  
HIT!  
HACK!

MMM!  
THIS FEMALE IS ABOUT TO BE LIBERATED RIGHT NOW!

PROUD OF THEIR HANDIWORK, HONEY AND HER APPRENTICES COME INSIDE TO ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF THEIR PARADE ENTRY, AND FIND THE GIRLS FINISHED WITH THEIR LABORS OF LOVE AS WELL.

I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER AROUND HERE, BUT IT SEEMS YOU GIRLS HAD NO TROUBLE WITH THESE ERECTIONS!

MICHELLE, YOU AND THE TWINS TAKE OVER FOR THE OTHER GIRLS SO THEY CAN COME OUT AND SEE OUR FLOAT!

I'D RATHER WORK WIZ ZIS TOOL ANY TIME!

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ME HANGIN' AROUND?

THESE WERE FAST WORKERS, AND WE WERE BUILDING TO THEIR SPECIFICATIONS!

WELL, THERE IT IS!

WOW! IT'S HUGE!

IT REALLY IS ABOUT WOMEN'S LIBERATION!

NOW THAT'S A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY!

THIS IS TRULY A WORK OF MONUMENTAL PROPORTIONS!

TALK ABOUT A FLAGPOLE!

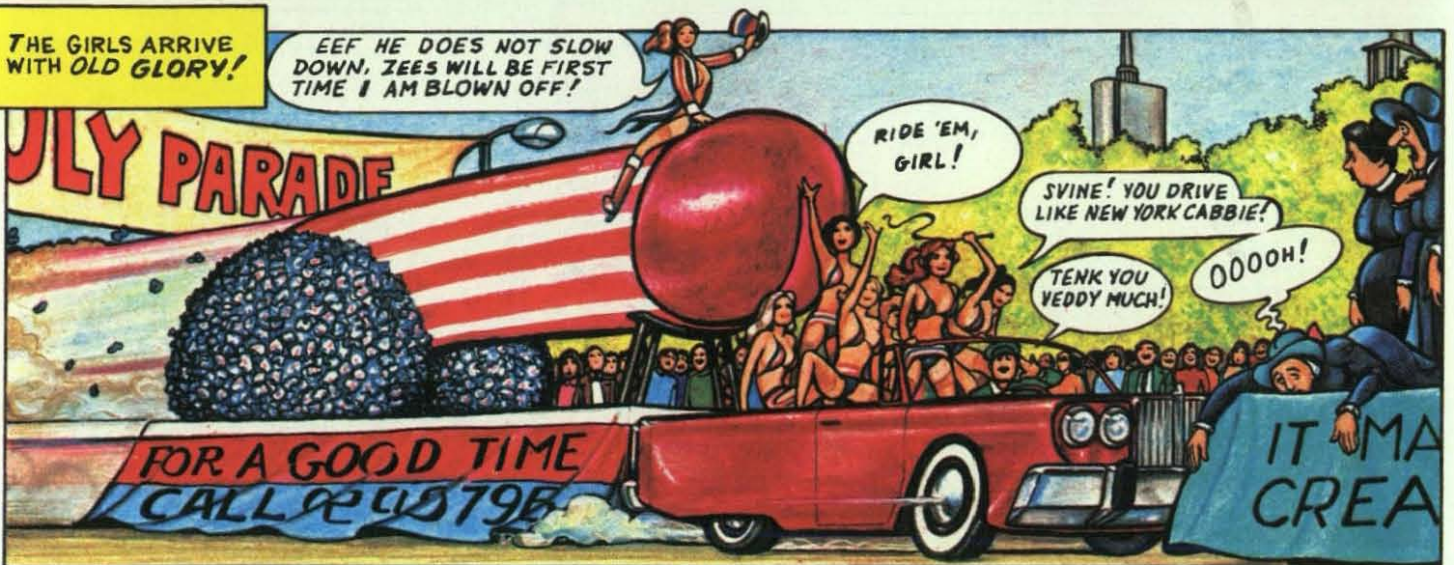
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE TROJAN YOU'D NEED FOR THAT HORSE?

LONG MAY IT WAVE!

DAT YUN COULD EVEN BREAK MY CHAINS!

MMMMMM!







WITH THE JUDGE'S APPROVAL, THE G.A.R. RETURN DEFEATED TO THEIR FLOAT AND THE PARADE GOES ON. HONEY'S FLOAT SCORES BIG WITH THE CROWD... AND THE JUDGE SCORES BIG WITH HONEY AND MICHELLE!



DESPITE THE FIREWORKS GOING ON AT THE JUDGE'S TABLE, NO ONE IS PREPARED FOR A SURPRISE FIRE-CRACKER - AND THE PARADE COMES TO A QUICK HALT!



THE RESULT IS THAT THE PIONEER HAS HER BUTTER CREAMED!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE JUDGE'S TABLE...



DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE WON! WE WON! HEY, HEY!



LATER THAT EVENING THE GIRLS PROVIDE THE MAIN COURSE AT A PRIVATE BANQUET WHILE HONEY TAKES ON THE JOB OF GUEST SPEAKER.

IT REALLY GIVES YOU HOPE IN THE AMERICAN DREAM WHEN YOU SEE SO MANY PEOPLE INVOLVED IN LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!

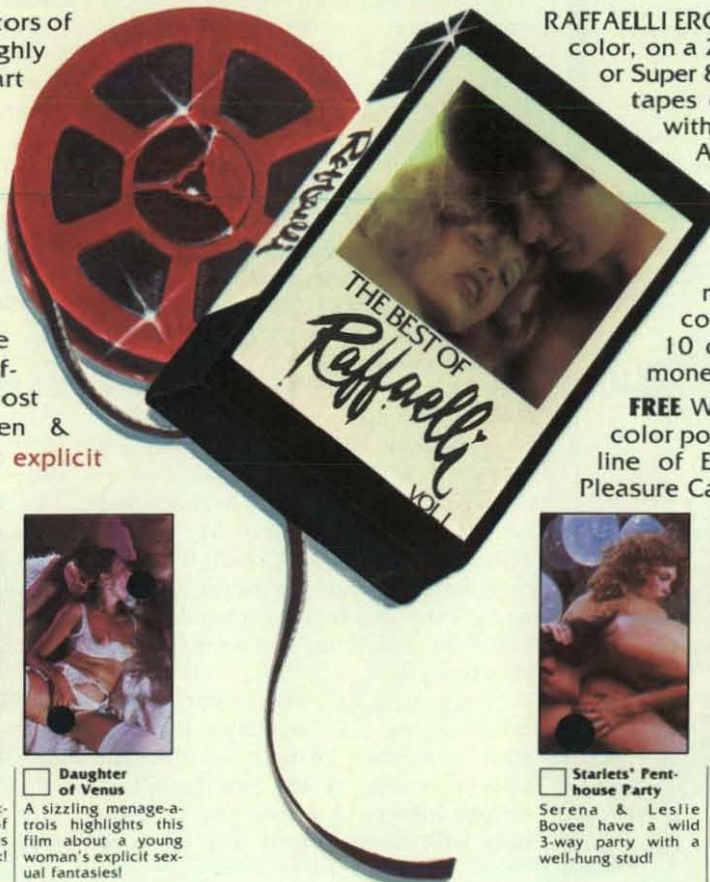




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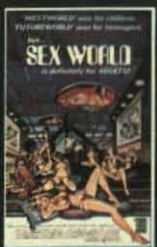
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## INTERVIEW: ED CLARK

(continued from page 86)

many instances much of that aid has been siphoned off by their corrupt governments. When the U.S. gives a country \$50 million, an incredible portion winds up in the politicians' pockets rather than being invested as it was intended—to spur economic growth. The last thing you want to provide to Third World countries is guns. The next-to-last thing is direct government-to-government aid. Instead, funds should be channeled into the most productive segments of their economy to cause those segments to grow.

**HUSTLER:** But when those economies do begin to prosper, how can American manufacturers compete with the increasing flow of foreign goods imported into this country?

**CLARK:** By reviving the American economy to make it more competitive. By gradually shifting labor from jobs that are less productive to jobs that are more productive, in order to really meet effective demand instead of artificial demand as imposed by tariff. By forgetting the sugar industry in the U.S. and going into machinery, computers, airplanes or something else we make more effectively.

If the Japanese, West Germans and Swiss can have full-economy countries, while possessing virtually no raw materials, then why in the world can't the United States? In a good year the Japanese will invest 15% of their gross national product in expanding industry. The West Germans will invest 10% or 12%. That's why even in tough times Japan and West Germany have low unemployment. But America's now down to 3% or 4%, barely above the British and below the French. Our problem is that we have put our emphasis on immediate governmental solutions to perceived problems instead of economic growth.

**HUSTLER:** If it's not regulating the marketplace, then what should be the government's role in its citizens' lives?

**CLARK:** First and foremost, defending a person's right to be free from invasions of his body—crimes such as assault and rape. And also defending the right to be free from invasion of property—crimes such as burglary and theft. And, of course, insuring the individual's right to be free from foreign attack.

**HUSTLER:** Would you draft young American men and women into the military to deter a potential enemy?

**CLARK:** No. I maintain a firm and unwavering opposition to any reimposition of the military draft or any program for national service. Conscription—for

military or civilian purposes—is nothing but short-term slavery. It is completely alien to the American tradition, it is a violation of individual rights, and it is tremendously costly. I would veto any law imposing any form of draft or national service. Military service should be voluntary. A completely voluntary society is a prime Libertarian goal.

Furthermore, we look for voluntary funding of all agencies upholding citizens' rights rather than funding them by taxation—which we consider to be coercion. Most personal defense in the U.S. already is accomplished through private expenditure anyhow. The money people spend for guard patrols, attack dogs, alarm systems and locks is substantially greater than the money spent on the police. But don't get me wrong: Libertarians have no intention of depriving people of adequate police protection.

**HUSTLER:** In 1976 Jimmy Carter campaigned on the theme of not being a Washington insider. After four years in office it's still not clear whether he's found his bearings. Has the Carter Presidency been a success or a failure?

**CLARK:** The latter. Carter has failed in Washington because of his contradictory goals. Ending inflation and balancing the budget were two of his principal promises to the American people. When asked during the campaign what programs he was going to cut, or what taxes he was going to increase, he never spoke specifically, but always in general terms. He was talking about balancing the budget while also talking about more spending programs. You can't have both.

**HUSTLER:** Since it seems highly unlikely the Libertarians will win the Presidential election this time around, what are the party's future goals?

**CLARK:** One of our major projects is to have a meeting of the Libertarian International in 1981 or 1982. Libertarian groups exist all around the world. In Canada we have run a lot of candidates for Parliament in the last couple of years. We've got affiliated parties in Australia and in Norway. There are study groups in the Netherlands, Belgium, West Germany and Italy.

Also, we certainly would hope to attract representatives from totalitarian countries—the Second World, the Communist world—at the international meeting, along with individuals from the free countries and the dictatorships of the Third World. We want to promote our views not only in America, but everywhere. We think our ideas apply universally to all mankind. More and more perceptive people are beginning to agree. 🐼



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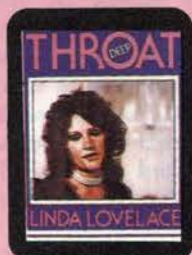
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A woman with long brown hair is lying on a dark couch. She is wearing a black strap across her chest and a black circular object around her waist. She is looking towards the camera.

A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a light-colored, tufted sofa. She is wearing a large, dark, oval-shaped garment around her waist, which appears to be a corset or a large belt. She is also wearing white high-heeled shoes. The image is framed by a dark border, suggesting it might be a photograph of a film or a similar medium.

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## WOMEN AGAINST PORN

(continued from page 58)

was released has failed to uncover any convincing porn/sex-crime link. Indeed, much of the research indicates that explicit sexual material—including the kinky fantasies that WAP finds so objectionable—does a lot to prevent sex crimes by providing an outlet for already disturbed people. As Amitai Etzioni, a professor of sociology at Columbia University, wrote in *Human Behavior* magazine, "As to sex crimes, porn seems to provide a catharsis rather than a stimulation."

W. Cody Wilson gives further insight into porn's therapeutic side in a 1978 book, *The Prevention of Sexual Disorders*. His contribution is a chapter entitled "Can Pornography Contribute to the Prevention of Sexual Problems?" And his answer seems to be yes.

Wilson found that "adults manifest lessened sexual inhibitions with their regular sexual partners after viewing pornography," that "people who view pornographic movies manifest an increased inclination to discuss sex with others in the day or so following such experiences," that "10 million adults in this country have had the experience that exposure to pornography has improved their sexual relations in their marriage" and that "1 million adults have had the personal experience of obtaining relief from a sexual problem by means of exposure to pornography."

It doesn't take a doctorate in psychology to figure out that lessened inhibitions, increased communication, better sexual relations and fewer sexual-performance problems can only reduce sex crimes by creating a healthier populace. Professor Etzioni put it another way in his *Human Behavior* article: "The primary problem with porn, the data suggest, is not its impact on those exposed to it, but on those who try to suppress it. Studies of the issue tend to document the difficulties many ordinary citizens experience in dealing with sexuality openly—based on facts, not fears—rather than the dangerous consequences of pornography, which appear to be few or none."

Despite all that, the sources of provocative, no-bullshit depictions of sexuality are precisely the targets of the antiporn feminists. And that leads some researchers, like Tufts University psychologist Malcolm Slavin, to suggest that photographs like HUSTLER's famous close-ups of female genitalia offend many antiporn feminists because these women have not accepted their own sexuality, and because they basically believe that female genitalia are

"dirty." That, of course, is the same sex-is-dirty attitude that fuels the campaigns of the self-righteous decency-league types.

Is Women Against Pornography motivated by the same repressed mentality? WAP members deny it vehemently, but even in the very foundation of their denial—the erotica-versus-pornography argument—they are essentially repeating the same things mouthed by every stuffy bluenose throughout history. And what they're saying goes something like this: "Sex is a subject that should be depicted—as well as referred to and engaged in—only in certain socially acceptable ways, and we know what those ways are."

Whatever WAP's motives, the organization's goal is frighteningly clear: the elimination of everything that falls under its definition of pornography—and that includes the magazine you now hold in your hand. Most antiporn feminists are aware that advocating direct governmental censorship wins them few friends, since the majority of Americans are still committed to the principle of freedom of speech. So WAP spokeswomen have lately been verbally pussy-footing around the issue, claiming that "consciousness-raising" and "exhortation" are their current tactics. But statements on the record leave no doubt that they see the blue pencil of the censor as the ultimate solution to the problem they've dreamed up.

In an essay picked up by a number of daily newspapers across the country last year, Susan Brownmiller sounded a call for governmental censorship: "Let the legislatures decide... what can be displayed and what cannot."

In that same article the WAP leader clearly aligned herself with the Nixon Supreme Court and its trend toward stifling free expression. After quoting from Chief Justice Warren Burger's majority opinion in the 1973 *Miller v. California* case (in which the Nixon appointee called the inclusion of "obscene material" in the protected realm of the First Amendment "a misuse of the great guarantees of free speech and free press"), Brownmiller wrote in her essay, "I didn't say that, although I wish I had, for the words are thrilling."

Another antiporn feminist, Marcia Womongold, is more direct in her advocacy of censorship. Writes Womongold, "Feminists need to draft new legislation in every state specifying in clear language what needs to be outlawed. ... With enough support the state legislature can be approached with a bill clearly defining pornography and outlawing it in your state."

(continued on page 136)





"Admit it, Lorraine—you only married me for my vegetables!"



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I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "censor" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to do so only by writing within 3 days, requesting that the material be removed from my mail.



We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

## HARD-CORE CONTROVERSY

Last February an FBI investigation led to the indictment of 54 people charged with, among other things, interstate transportation of "obscene" material. It now appears that the "Valentine's Day Massacre" is not going to shut down any of the major porn filmmakers. But it may scare a few of them out of hard-core and into soft-core.

Producing and selling a hard-core film costs no more than producing and selling a simulated, or soft-core, product. The guy who sells you "Artists & Models Ball"—a famous John Holmes simulation flick—could just as easily, and for the same price, sell you a *real* John Holmes fuck movie.

A company's decision to sell soft-core films is frequently motivated by the legal risks of selling explicit merchandise. It's still possible for a prosecutor in a small town to haul in an out-of-state mail-order dealer, convict him on obscenity charges and send him to prison. In fact, some companies refuse to deal with customers in certain states, notably Louisiana and Georgia. Because of such legal hassles, *ERCO* (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067), *Film Can Company* (6255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 609, Hollywood, California 90028), *Diverse Industries* (7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406) and other companies prefer to sell only simulation films (although *Diverse* does sell certain hard-core lines on request). These firms are not trying to cheat you—they're just afraid of the law.

If you want to know how to spot soft-core products when their advertising makes them seem explicit, compare the ads of the above companies with those of dealers who stick their necks out to sell hard stuff, such as *Film Collectors Association* (Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306), *Fantasy Images* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) or *Erik Imports* (2326 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90064).

When dealers use "weasel words" like *hot, horny, sizzling, sex-drenched*, etc., you can bet their merchandise is soft-core. (Of course, if you receive a soft-core

brochure in the mail, the goods will also be soft-core.) Hard-core companies try to alert you to their more-graphic merchandise with words like *hard-core, insertion, wet climax* or *censored in this ad only*. (In addition, their brochures will have hard-core photos.)

In short, most companies are trying to protect themselves from legal prosecution, but at the same time they don't want you to know that. It's your job to protect yourself from simulation films—unless, of course, that's what you want.

## SOME GOOD GUYS

We're always happy to add companies to our list of good guys. One new entry—even though it's been in business for several years—is *ACN Products* (189 Garfield Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey 07740). *ACN* carries an array of regular and Super 8mm hard-core lines, such as the *Swedish Erotica, Collection, Diamond Collection, San Francisco* and *Pretty Girls* series, as well as the *Snucki* series from Germany. If you drop the firm a line outlining your wants, it will send you a brochure describing the various films it handles.

Another old-timer (in the business 15 years) is *Starr* (2709 East Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park, California 90255). *Starr*, which sells both 8mm films and videocassettes, carries *Limited Edition, Diamond Collection, Pleasure, Joys of Erotica* and other films of interest. Drop a line and ask what's available. And if you want a catalog, send along a buck.

## MARILYN CHAMBERS

*I'm crazy about Marilyn Chambers, and I want to get all of her films. Where can I go to buy them?*

—R. R.

San Diego, California

Go straight to the source: *Mitchell Brothers' Film Group* (895 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California 94109). Since you live in California, you may order by calling 415-441-1930; anyone living outside of California can call their toll-free number, 800-227-3400. The Mitchell Brothers sell *Behind the Green Door, Resurrection of Eve, Never a Tender Moment, Beyond de Sade* and *Inside Marilyn Chambers*—all uncut—for \$69 apiece on videotape. They also sell a 48-page catalog of all their films, for \$5.

## TAPE DELAY

*Two months ago I ordered a videocassette called *Babylon Pink* from *International Home Video Club, Inc.* (237 West 54th Street, New York, New York 10019), to the*

*tune of \$69.95. Now here I sit, pissed-off and ripped-off, because *International Home Video Club* decided I was better off without either my tape or my money. What gives?*

—W. M.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

We gave *International Home Video Club* a call and asked it to track down your *Babylon Pink* cassette. The club informed us (and later sent a United Parcel Service voucher to back up its claim) that your tape had been shipped to you within a week after receiving your order, but that UPS returned it, stating that you'd moved and had left no forwarding address. We passed on your new address to the company, and it reshipped *Babylon Pink* to you.

Probably the most common complaint that mail-order companies make about their customers is that their return addresses are illegible, misspelled or out of date. Although we don't encourage mail-order dealers to use these excuses, they sometimes have merit; we have the same problems with many of the letters sent to us. Our advice: Make sure you've properly typed or *neatly printed* your address and the name and address of the dealer on all correspondence.

## STRETCHING THE TRUTH

*I'm accusing *Enlargement Techniques* (Department 3809, 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) of deceptive advertising. Its ad reads: "Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 inch cock? We can give it to you... and in six weeks or less, depending on how you respond, you could have a cock up to 10 inches long... We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long, but it will be A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES." Well, I sent \$6.95, and they sent me a rubber dick. A card with it said, "Here is your eight-inch cock." I feel like I've been royally ripped-off. What do you suggest?*

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

In the porn mail-order business there's an adage about reading advertisements: Whatever is the worst possible interpretation of the wording is what you'll probably get. *Enlargement Techniques'* ad is almost like a printed joke, just waiting for somebody to stumble onto the punch line. Pranksters, such as this company, exist only because people don't take time to read advertisements carefully and to think them over. Otherwise, no one would buy penis-enlargers or placebo sex pills. ☹



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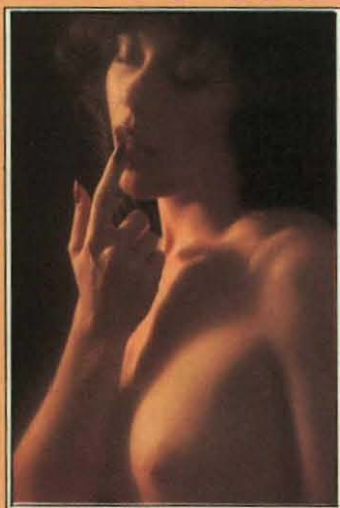
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they feel good, smell good and taste good no matter where  
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ONLY \$4.95 EACH  
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Just \$4.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling each.

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THE WORLD FAMOUS PENIS PUMP — OVER 500,000 SOLD

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT has declared it unlawful to promise permanent penis enlargement from using this device. Can half a million satisfied buyers be wrong? You can decide for yourself.

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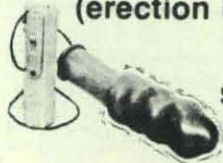
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No. 1200  
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side  
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Extends you 2 inches, stimulates both you and your partner. Goes in deeper for added pleasure. Now the man can offer deep, tingling excitement plus extra length.



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Large, 7 1/4" x 2"

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Head Enlarger & Desensitizer fits over the head of the male organ. Held securely without straps because of special comfort texture inside. For those who want everlasting control, who want to feel bigger, fatter, harder at the head (where it counts). A \$6.95 value... FREE with order over \$10.

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Patented. Maintains erection as long as desired, even after multiple orgasms. Safe, medically tested, used over 5 years in Japan. Adjusts to fit any penis, locks tight, releases instantly, can be used with condom, does not inhibit ejaculation. Well made, lasts for years. Not cheap, but there's nothing else like it.

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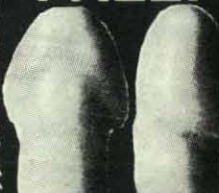
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Feels Like Real Flesh!

Warm water makes it come alive! As you fill it, it grows firmer, assumes the normal curvature of the erect penis, warm like human organ. Best of all, the sensation of water moving within the AQUA-MATE creates unique orgasmic thrill all its own.

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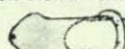
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FREE!



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COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides the extra inches so important to the man with smaller or average size penis. "Extends" you & helps improve performance, adequacy, adds pleasure for both partners. Helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there... but she'll know the thrill and the difference it makes. Made of rigid plastic materials with soft latex wall.

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No. 18G



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No. 18V



\$8.95 each



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This heavy duty all-purpose device is worn like an athletic supporter. Almost any artificial penis slips through the stretchable hole and is held firmly in place during penetration.

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with heavy duty straps (erection not necessary)

#1 with clitoris stimulator. Hollow, with stimulator at base. Life-like veins & corona. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 1451 \$9.95 ea.

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#3 natural curve. With triple corona to create deep sensations at each ridge. Slithers past the outer lips & into the vagina for wild sensation. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 1454 \$9.95 ea.



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Inner air bladder holds it on. Stays on until you release pressure. Can help produce and sustain erection or will hold on soft organ. Life-like veins, corona and special clitoral simulator at base. Can also be used as extension, aid to prolonged intercourse.



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Want to make the Dick harder, rougher & tingle the Pussy like a French Tickler with no harmful effects? Helps DELAY CLIMAX longer & longer. You'll make her COME, COME, COME. You'll love it: she'll love it even more. No. 123

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Formulated to enhance your hard-on. In a sensuous tri-fruit oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head & shaft it causes a flow of blood and a delicious warming sensation. You'll get hard quick and stay hard. She'll love the taste & smell. You'll both love the smooth lubricating qualities. You owe it to yourself to try it now.

\$5.00 each.

No. 1816 Erection Oil...  
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☐ Send COD. I enclose a \$3 non-refundable service fee.

Total amount of order: \$1.00  
Add \$1 for postage & handling  
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

If desired, add \$2 for airmail

Total amount enclosed

Name (please print)

Address

City

State

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With exclusive 3-way stroking action!

The amazing PLEASURE PISTON is designed to stimulate and revitalize the entire body from the neck and shoulders to the deepest pleasure-starved muscles. We named our Pleasure Piston after the piston in your car.



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Penis enlargement is now possible with our new TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER — a precision instrument, easy to operate, extremely durable and scientifically designed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control premature ejaculation. See results the first time you use your enlarger. See how really BIG... how FAT... how LONG... how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get! And it feels so good to use!

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☐ DEEP SUSAN — TFD ☐ BALLING STEWARDESSES — TFI  
☐ CHINA NOOKIE — TFE ☐ BLACK CHERRY — TFK  
☐ COCK-TAIL CLIMAX — TFF ☐ KIDNAPPED VIRGIN — TFL

Specify  
☐ Reg. 8 or  
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I hereby represent that I am an adult, being over 21 years of age and in my opinion, the material described herein which I am now ordering, does not go beyond the contemporary standards of my community.

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# LIFE SIZE DOLL AND SHE'S **SOLID**

**NOT INFLATED!**

**AND... I TALK!!**

**WE CALL HER ANGIE. BUT YOU'LL CALL HER THE MOST SATISFYING PARTNER YOU'VE EVER IMAGINED!**

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To love you in that special way — all the way down, Angie's angelic face has kissable lips that open to a throat 7" deep. She was "born with a taste for French," and she'll satisfy you over and over.



**SHE'S PERFECT... BETTER THAN REAL!**

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Angie has breasts that are firm and exciting to touch. Not huge, but bigger than you'd expect on such a sweet, young thing. Her nipples are perky and hard, and they stick out under a T-shirt. The temptation to reach out and make them your own will be irresistible.



## 7" VAGINA WITH PULSATING OPTION

And when it's time to plunge into her waiting womanhood you'll be pleasantly surprised at the better than real sensation you'll experience as you gently slip into the most throbbing, exciting seven inches of warm, wet vibrating womanflesh you've ever imagined. What a comfort to know that Angie is always there to want you, to hold you, to satisfy you again and again.



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**Remember, Angie is totally new. She is not inflated with air or some kind of gas that comes in a pressure can and leaks out in a day or two. You pack her tight with soft, resilient foam (supplied). So she can never leak or go flat, leaving you disappointed. (Also . . . she can be unpacked for easy storage.) Her limbs and torso feel firm, like a real girl. When you press her close she yields just enough, not too much. You can close your eyes and make her the girl of your dreams. Yet despite all this, you no longer have to pay a premium. Now we can sell Angie for no more than you'd have to pay for an ordinary doll. You'll love Angie . . . and Angie will love you! As often and as long as you desire.**

## BUYER BEWARE!!

Don't confuse Angie with an inferior competitor with a so called "foam expander" in an aerosol can. The "expander" is nothing more than a can of gas which you use to "expand" an inadequate amount of inferior foam. When the gas leaks out, the doll goes flat. Insist on the Genuine Angie Doll . . . packed tight with resilient, weight supporting foam. There is no substitute.

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For those who delight in the unusual, Angie is happy to take it any way you want to give it. Her tight little ass is just right for those nights when you crave an experience that's just a little different.



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Just 1 year ago  
Angie sold for \$70+.  
Amazing production cost cuts let us offer her now for only  
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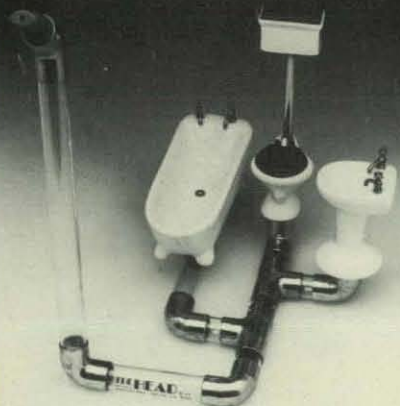
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### WOMEN AGAINST PORN

(continued from page 126)

It's amazing, really, that writers like Brownmiller, whose cause of feminism depends on the freedom to communicate often-radical ideas about American society, should look to the current Supreme Court for support in their crusade. Given the Nixon Court's steady march toward suppression of dissent and stifling of the press, opening the Pandora's box of censorship would only work against the feminists' cause.

Do Brownmiller, Mehrhof, Womongold, Morgan, Steinem *et al* really believe that once the forces of censorship are unleashed, the nation's courts and small-town librarians will employ a feminist perspective when deciding what to ban? More likely, HUSTLER and *Ms.* magazines will both burn in the same fire. As feminist Susan Jacoby warns, feminists "will not be the arbiters of good taste if it becomes easier to harass, prosecute and convict people on obscenity charges."

There is another contradiction in the antiporn feminists' rhetoric that betrays a lack of respect for the First Amendment. Prevalent in their description of pornography is the denial that it is harmless entertainment or a healthy release of sexual tension. Rather, they say, it is a "theory" (Robin Morgan's word), a "statement about women" (Barbara Mehrhof's words), "antifemale propaganda" (Susan Brownmiller's words) and "the ideological basis for the systematic persecution of females by males" (Marcia Womongold's words). At the same time, however, antiporn feminists are clamoring to exclude pornography from First Amendment protection. "We live quite comfortably with a host of free-speech abridgments," writes Brownmiller, citing restraints against false advertising and against shouting "Fire!" without cause in a crowded theater. "Restrictions on the display of pornography belong in this category."

If it's true that pornography is a "statement" or an "ideology" or "propaganda," then censoring it means censoring a political idea, a point of view. It seems impossible to be honest about supporting freedom of speech while advocating the suppression of political statements. It's this sort of fuzzy thinking that aroused the opposition of Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, who has made something of a national name for himself in the area of First Amendment law. Says Dershowitz, "The more they say pornography is a form of racist, sexist propaganda, the more they support the argument against

censoring it. Protection for propaganda is the core of the First Amendment."

The implications of all this are serious. WAP maintains that "the First Amendment was never intended to protect pornographic images" (that's from a WAP handbill). And its definition of this unprotected realm includes images that appear in just about every kind of magazine, movie, television program and commercial ad. By lumping together under the label of pornography every image of women and sexuality they don't like, antiporn feminists are using a rather sneaky tactic to further their aim of banning a point of view about sexuality that they don't share.

By their own admission it's a political point of view. Inadvertently, they've stumbled upon a key point in this debate. HUSTLER is political, not just because sex itself is a big political issue these days (which it is), but also because of the editorial stances that HUSTLER has taken on a number of subjects, such as individual rights, censorship, child abuse, smoking and religion.

What the antiporn feminists are saying about HUSTLER, pornography and the advertising media is no different than asking that a political editorial in the *New York Times* be censored. And you can bet that if WAP is successful in its attempt to have depictions of sexuality in the media controlled, other political statements will be just as tightly censored. The gates will have been flung open, and the concept of freedom of speech as we now know it will be nothing more than a chapter in history books.

WAP's trump card in its bid to stifle these images is its belief that porn, because of a certain way it supposedly portrays women, incites men to violence. Of course, this is patently absurd. But even if it were true, the First Amendment would still apply. Karl Marx, for example, incites men (and women) to violence, and feminists aren't asking that *his* work be banned. However, WAP members are trying to strike a deeper chord than what they consider the abstractions of First Amendment "absolutists." Pornography, they claim, is a death threat to women. How, they ask, can anybody sit in an ivory tower and talk about "free speech" when women are being beaten, raped and murdered, and when pornography is to blame?

Again, there is more hot air than substance in this plea. The antiporn feminists are attempting to play God here. Somehow they *know* that porn causes rape. Never mind that the studies show otherwise. Never mind that common sense dictates otherwise. (One civil-



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rights lawyer summed it all up by remarking, "Susan Brownmiller views rape as a crime so serious that even innocence is not a defense.")

In the antiporn feminists' opinion the word has come down, and proving that porn causes rape is as unnecessary as proving that chewing rocks will chip your teeth. And on the basis of this improbable leap of faith, they are waging a nationwide assault on the rights of millions of people to read and look at what they choose.

While debates on the freedom-of-speech implications and the scientific merits of the feminist war on pornography and men's magazines have yielded convincing arguments against WAP's causes, not as much examination has gone into the kind of thinking behind the simple substance of the contention that pornography causes rape and should therefore be eliminated. It's possible that in this mode of thinking may lie a threat to society almost as deep as that of censorship.

Part of that thinking seems to be an unwillingness to believe that a picture isn't real. When Marcia Womongold writes, "We are tired of having our bodies mutilated by man-dominated media," it follows logically from the context of all the feminist antiporn literature that she doesn't see the nonsense of

that—that it's lost on her that a book or a film or a magazine cannot "mutilate" a body.

How else to explain, for example, the antiporn feminists' near-hysterical reaction to the now-infamous June 1978 woman-in-the-meatgrinder HUSTLER cover? The self-mocking nature of it seems to have escaped them completely, and their reaction to the cover would have the nation believe that HUSTLER really puts women into hamburger churners. That notion is as ridiculous as believing John Wayne spent most of his life shooting Indians.

Related to this folly, and even more dangerous, is the antiporn feminists' refusal to accept fantasy as fantasy. Any sexologist will confirm that fantasy is an integral part of sex, and pornography often serves as a visual aid for fantasy. To deny somebody his fantasy because it's not yours smacks of the cruelest form of psychological censorship.

Yet this is exactly what WAP is trying to do, because it apparently cannot grasp the fact that when a man fantasizes about a certain sex act, it doesn't mean he intends to rush out and perform it on the first available body. Similarly, a woman who enjoys a rape fantasy—and some do—certainly isn't inviting a real-life rapist to do as he will.

The intent of pure pornography is to

arouse the reader/viewer by depicting raw sexuality without putting it into any social or moral context. So when the members of Women Against Pornography deny, as they do, both the ability of women to enjoy porn and the desirability of men enjoying it, it's hard to believe them when they say they're not prudes. The specter of sexual repression haunts every aspect of their arguments.

Feminist columnist Ellen Willis said it best: "Over the years, I've enjoyed various pieces of pornography—some of them of the sleazy, 42nd Street paperback sort—and so have most women I know. If feminists define pornography *per se* as the enemy, the result will be to make a lot of women ashamed of their sexual feelings and afraid to be honest about them. And the last thing women need is more sexual shame, guilt and hypocrisy—this time served up as feminism."

Sexual shame doesn't have to be a by-product of the worthy and necessary task of eliminating rape and other sex crimes. Women Against Pornography's hysterical reaction fosters not only political and sexual repression, but also an atmosphere of mass guilt, a lack of trust in the basic decency of women and men. And that trust in people is something we're going to need more than ever in the years ahead.

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## MARILYN MONROE

(continued from page 48)

as it may seem, they made note of the following:

□ Former members of Murder, Inc.—professional underworld killers—were working for the Central Intelligence Agency.

□ A plot existed for the CIA's hired killers to assassinate Cuban Prime Minister Fidel Castro.

□ Mafioso bosses Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli were on the government payroll.

□ The CIA would be involved in an impending assassination of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem.

□ The CIA had already participated in the assassination of Dominican Republic's President Rafael Trujillo.

□ Bobby "ran the country" on the day of the Cuban Bay of Pigs invasion while brother Jack lay incapacitated, sedated with drugs to relieve his back pains. It was Bobby who decided to hold back the air power JFK had promised the invaders.

□ Bobby was determined to imprison "that s.o.b." Jimmy Hoffa, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

□ The attorney general's office was investigating Frank Sinatra's alleged gambling connections.

Making notes of my own, I patiently explained the significance of each name and revelation. When I told Marilyn she was literally carrying around a time bomb—highly sensitive information that involved national security—she seemed more fearful than before.

Marilyn's mood changed, however, as she recounted her plans for the upcoming months. She had been reinstated at Fox; *Something's Got to Give* would resume shooting in November. Since being fired, offers had poured in for her from Las Vegas, a recording company, two Broadway producers and several film companies. She was redecorating her house and awaiting the delivery of new furnishings. Everything seemed so positive.

But still she was determined to know—firsthand—the real reasons for Bobby Kennedy's sudden rejection.

During the next several days we spent time updating her autobiography, which I started writing before we were married. On our last night together we shared two bottles of Dom Perignon champagne at one of her favorite places—the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel's Cinegrill. I never saw Marilyn any more cheerful or happier than she was that night.

We spoke on the phone every one of the four days preceding her death. Many of those calls were made from pay phones, since now more than ever Marilyn was convinced that her calls at home were being tapped. Where she might have been unduly paranoid in the past, this time she had good reasons. I suggested that if her suspicions were true, it was possibly because Bobby Kennedy had used her phone, and somebody was monitoring the calls.

In our last conversation she mentioned that she had recently repaired her filing cabinet following a break-in. I was relieved to learn that neither the diary nor several letters from Bobby were there when the break-in occurred. Customarily she kept that material either in her purse or locked in the filing cabinet when at home, hiding it in different areas of the house when she was away. In that same conversation she reiterated her desire to speak with Bobby.

"If he keeps refusing to talk with me," she said, "I'll call a press conference Monday and blow the lid off this whole damned thing."

On Monday morning, August 6, 1962—the day after Marilyn's body was discovered—two well-dressed men entered the General Telephone Company's main office. Five minutes later, according to a clerk, they walked out with confidential records indicating when Marilyn made outgoing calls, to what numbers the calls were made and what incoming calls were received during the mysterious four-hour period—between 12:30 a.m. and 4:30 a.m.—before the police were notified of her death. Subsequently, I also learned that she had unsuccessfully attempted to reach Bobby Kennedy eight times during the last three days of her life.

On Tuesday, I arrived in Los Angeles to attend Marilyn's funeral. The arrangements had been made by Berneice Miracle, Marilyn's half-sister; Mrs. Inez Melson, once her business manager; and Joe DiMaggio, the retired New York Yankees baseball star and Marilyn's former husband of nine months. DiMaggio made enemies of many in the movie industry by excluding all but a select handful of friends from the rites. I stood outside the ropes—which were guarded by police—not far from the celebrated newspaper columnist Walter Winchell.

Winchell later ran an item in his syndicated column that took note of discrepancies between various accounts of how much time had elapsed between the discovery of Marilyn's body and the summoning of her doctors. Sergeant

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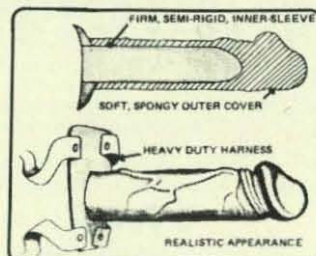
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Jack Clemmons told Winchell that Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, had first awakened at 10 p.m. and had called Dr. Greenson, Marilyn's psychiatrist, at midnight. But the official police report stated that Mrs. Murray had not awakened until midnight and did not call Dr. Greenson until 3:30 a.m.

Over drinks at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove, I told Winchell about the missing phone records.

"It figures," he said. "This case is too hot for my editors. It goes all the way back to the White House. It stinks to high heaven. Marilyn just knew too much."

I felt the same way. With Winchell's encouragement I tried contacting many of Marilyn's friends and business associates, seeking even the smallest bits of evidence to make the puzzle fit together. Her lawyer, Milton (Mickey) Rudin, refused to see me. So did Dr. Greenson (coincidentally, Rudin's brother-in-law), who cited the confidentiality of a doctor/patient relationship. The secretary of Dr. Hyman Engelberg told me the physician would not discuss the case.

I had better luck with Ralph Roberts, Marilyn's long-time masseur. At about 6:30 p.m. on August 4, the day before she died, he had called Marilyn to confirm a dinner date. Dr. Greenson answered the phone, telling Roberts, "She's not in right now" and hung up abruptly. That made Roberts suspicious; always in the past it had been a maid or Marilyn herself who had answered the phone.

More determined than ever, I started building a file on Marilyn's death. It would include notes on all my personal conversations with her friends and associates, as well as every official document and newspaper clipping I could get my hands on.

My hunch of a cover-up was further aroused by an action taken by the coroner's office on Monday, August 6. Instead of conducting a public inquest to explore the possibility of foul play, Dr. Theodore Curphey, the Los Angeles County Coroner, appointed a Suicide Investigation Team, whose detailed paperwork—according to California law—would remain secret.

Awaiting the verdict of the Suicide Investigation Team and the autopsy results, I made another discovery the day I drove out to Marilyn's closed and empty house—already up for auction to satisfy creditors' claims. An elderly neighbor lady, working in her garden, told me that late on Saturday afternoon, August 4, she and some friends saw Bobby Kennedy and another man—the latter carrying what appeared to be a doc-



tor's bag—enter Marilyn's house. The woman said she had seen Bobby Kennedy there several times that summer. She had given this information to a newspaper reporter, the neighbor said, but the story was squelched. Subsequently, two conservatively dressed men with what she described as Eastern accents called on the woman several times, warning her not to say anything more about the subject.

At an August 16 press conference Coroner Theodore Curphey finally disclosed the Suicide Investigation Team's findings. Marilyn, he reported, had "often expressed wishes to give up, to withdraw and even to die." He confirmed the cause of death as barbiturates swallowed within a period of seconds—a conclusion based on Dr. Engelberg's assumption that Marilyn had taken 47 Nembutal sleeping capsules.

I found this decision harder to swallow, since I knew that no drinking glass was found in her room and that Marilyn could not take even a single aspirin without water or some other liquid. When she ingested such relaxants as chloral hydrate or Librium, as well as Nembutal—and I witnessed her do this hundreds of times through the years—she always took one at a time, fearing that she would choke or that the capsule would lodge in her throat.

Several days later I examined the highly suspect autopsy report at the coroner's office. According to its findings, Marilyn's stomach contained about 20 cubic centimeters of a "brownish mucoid fluid." A smear was made from it and examined under a polarized microscope, but showed no refractile crystals. Ordinarily, each crystal of a barbiturate (such as Nembutal) demonstrates an individual size and shape under microscopic examination. But no indication of Nembutal or of any other sleeping pills in her digestive system were noted by the report, which casts doubt on the Suicide Investigation Team's findings. Further investigation of the stomach showed no traces of Nembutal's tell-tale yellow stain.

The body charts attached to the autopsy report were also questionable. A notation on the charts stated that "no needle marks" existed on Marilyn's body. I knew this to be wrong, because on August 3 Marilyn had received an antibiotic injection in the buttocks from her internist, Dr. Engelberg. This, in addition to at least one other injection received on August 1, should have been detected.

Despite all the conflicting autopsy-report data, the bottom line was that Marilyn died of a 4.5-milligram level of

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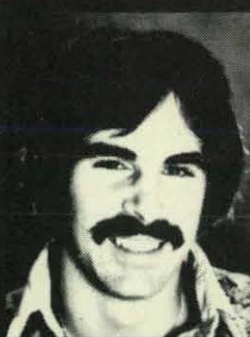
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barbiturates in her bloodstream—a devastating dosage. Since there was no evidence of Nembutal or any type of sleeping pills in her digestive system, and since there was no drinking glass found in her supposedly locked bedroom, the only logical way this amount of barbiturates could have entered her bloodstream would have been by injection or suppository.

Let me emphasize that Marilyn would not—could not—have accomplished this herself. She had a deadly fear of syringes and injections. She flinched at the mere mention of a cold shot.

But if she died from an injection of an overdose, where was the hypodermic syringe? And if the drug had been administered in suppository form, where was the container? Nobody found any such evidence in the bedroom—or anywhere else, for that matter. Then I remembered Sergeant Clemmons's suspicion that Marilyn's body had been moved. Perhaps she had died in another part of the house, and then someone had positioned her body where it was said to have been found.

Later in 1962 I contacted Florabel Muir, a nationally syndicated columnist and a crime reporter for the *New York Daily News*. She fully agreed with such journalists as Walter Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen that a giant cover-up had been designed to conceal Marilyn's murder. She also mentioned that Marilyn's missing telephone records were kept in the office of LAPD Chief William Parker. He not only had boasted to Muir that they were in his possession, but also he had briefly flashed them in front of her. He told the reporter that those records were his ticket to becoming the next head of the FBI—sometime later, when Bobby Kennedy would ascend to the Presidency.

The next day I called Chief Parker's office, inquiring about the missing telephone records. He said he knew nothing about them, and hung up the phone. A few days later I met with Chief of Detectives Thad Brown, an old friend. Confidentially, he confirmed that Parker did indeed have Marilyn's telephone records under lock and key. Brown also told me that he was the one who told Florabel Muir about the records, and that he had been severely reprimanded by Parker for divulging this information.

In July 1966, nearly four years after Marilyn's death, Chief Parker died of a heart seizure. Marilyn's telephone records have since disappeared.

Through the years my Marilyn file swelled with more and more inconsistencies, contradictions and conflicting

statements. But it was not until December 1966—when New York County District Attorney Frank S. Hogan ordered a raid on the home and sound laboratory of indicted electronics expert Bernard Spindel, a notorious wiretapper—that evidence emerged supporting Marilyn's fears that her telephone lines had been bugged.

Spindel had once been hired by Jimmy Hoffa to eavesdrop on Bobby Kennedy. Not only that, but he had also taken the precaution of bugging his own home. So while Hogan's agents confiscated Spindel's electronic gear, a hidden machine recorded the first few hours of the raid. One of the agents can be heard on tape saying, "What does the Marilyn Monroe case have to do with the indictment?"

The December 21, 1966, edition of the *New York Times* ran a three-column story on the incident, reporting that Spindel had filed a lawsuit requesting the return of his tapes and equipment. The article also stated: "In an affidavit submitted to the court, Bernard Spindel asserted that some of the material seized . . . contained 'tapes and evidence concerning the circumstances surrounding and [the] causes of death of Marilyn Monroe, which strongly suggests that the officially reported circumstances of her demise are erroneous.'"

Another tape recorded a telling phone conversation between San Francisco and Los Angeles, early on Sunday morning, August 5, 1962. An unidentified male voice is heard to say: "Is she dead yet?" Various journalists have since surmised that the event of Marilyn's death was known to the caller many hours before the police were notified. Years later, Frank Hogan told me, "All of those [Spindel] tapes have either been lost or accidentally destroyed."

Additional evidence that Marilyn had been bugged came to light early in 1977, when I met a contractor who had recently repaired the roof of her Brentwood home. Removing several of the curved Spanish tiles, and slipping down into the attic crawl space, his feet became entangled in a swirl of rusty wire and electronic bugging equipment. An electronics expert during World War II, the contractor said with authority that at one time not only had Marilyn's phones been tapped, but also the whole house had been bugged.

As time passed, so many things troubled me about the case that I decided to seek professional opinions. At my request Dr. Sidney B. Weinberg—chief medical examiner of Suffolk County, New York, and a professor of forensic pathology at the State University of



New York at Stony Brook—made an extensive study of Marilyn's autopsy report. Weinberg told me that, according to the information he had been given, she did not die of an overdose of Nembutal or, for that matter, of any oral drug. He felt the reported high blood level of 4.5 milligrams of barbiturates would have had to be the result of an injection or suppository. Finally he said: "It is extremely rare for a woman to commit suicide in the nude. There is something about the modesty of a female which precludes women from [doing that]. I have seen only one such case, and . . . it was by gunshot, not by drugs."

Dr. Weinberg also cautioned, "The fact that an empty bottle of pills is found in a room and therefore the [deceased] must have taken them is a premature assumption." Dr. Weinberg's conclusion was that Marilyn Monroe was probably given a "high dosage" of a lethal drug by injection or suppository. And that's what killed her.

E. Forrest Chapman, M.D., is a former deputy medical examiner well-versed in autopsy procedures who maintains offices in the Detroit area. He concurred with Dr. Weinberg's lengthy criticism of the autopsy report: "The autopsy findings in the case of Marilyn Monroe furnish high suspicion, if not proof, of conspiracy to murder and murder itself."

Partially to set the record straight and partially to produce a fitting memorial to Marilyn, I began writing a book dealing with both the good times of her life and the unanswered mysteries surrounding her tragic death. On August 4, 1972—one day before the tenth anniversary of her departure—a half-page story about the more-sensational aspects of the project appeared in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*.

At 11:30 a.m. that same day I received a call from a man who identified himself as Jack Quinn. He said he was a clerk in the microfilm department at the Los Angeles County Hall of Records, and he claimed to have knowledge of a secret, 723-page report conducted on Marilyn's death that was being kept under lock and key on microfilm. We met for lunch, and he provided me with a wealth of new information.

According to Quinn, the report cited the presence of a needle mark under Marilyn's left armpit, in the area leading to the subclavian artery. He told me there was also a statement Bobby Kennedy had given that placed him in Los Angeles and at Marilyn's house late on the Saturday afternoon before she died. Kennedy's affidavit noted how Marilyn


went into a rage (remember that she was determined to find out why their romance was over); how he grabbed her and threw her to the floor while someone else calmed her with a powerful barbiturate injection into the artery under the left armpit. Finally, official documents suggested that Marilyn's death was politically motivated.

Jack Quinn's information not only matched what I had already gathered; it also filled in a lot of gaps. He said he would try to make a copy of all 723 pages, promising to meet with me later in the week. That was the last time I ever saw him. He simply vanished.

Soon I was receiving threatening phone calls, advising me to abandon plans for writing the book. I hired bodyguards to protect myself. Still, like a man possessed, I pursued the project. I knew Marilyn would have wanted it that way.

In October 1978 I finally made direct contact with Lionel Grandison, the man who signed Marilyn's death certificate. Had he not ordered Marilyn's body to be brought to the L.A. County Coroner's Office from Westwood Memorial Park, probably no controversy regarding her death would exist today. Grandison confirmed that there was talk in the coroner's office about the possibility of murder. He said that Bobby Kennedy's name was mentioned several times in connection with the actress's death. He also told me there was a note, written by Marilyn herself, the existence of which was deleted from the original Coroner's Report. In a scribbled hand it read: "In case anything happens to me, please notify. . . ." The scrawl became worse, trailing off before the sentence could be finished. That note—like so much other possibly incriminating evidence—has simply disappeared.

Those who murdered Marilyn very nearly succeeded in making the death of the world's most celebrated sex symbol seem like a suicide. But from all the tangible data I have uncovered in my ongoing investigation, there should be little doubt that Marilyn was eliminated because she knew too much about sensitive affairs of state. Still, the real facts continue to be suppressed. On several occasions I've petitioned the Los Angeles County Grand Jury to reopen the case—always without success. As much as it hurts me, I must admit that the strange death of Marilyn Monroe will probably never come to trial.

So you, the readers, now have an opportunity to be judge and jury. You've heard the evidence. Draw your own conclusions. 

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# NEXT MONTH

August issue on sale June 26, 1980



**TERRORISM: YOU ARE THE TARGET**—Could America be held hostage? Yes, according to writer Lowell Ponte: A small group of dedicated, well-trained terrorists could use atomic bombs, nerve gas or deadly germs to destroy any city in this country. To make matters worse, the FBI and other government security agencies are virtually powerless to stop such a sabotage attack. Find out why terrorism might soon hit close to home in this frightening HUSTLER report.

**PROFILE: WILLIAM SHOCKLEY**—Are blacks intellectually inferior to whites? That's the opinion of William Shockley, a Nobel Prize-winning physicist who helped invent the transistor. He recently helped create another major scientific controversy by advocating the benefits of a sperm bank containing samples from only "high-IQ" or "genius" donors. Critics have sounded a warning that this is a dangerously elitist master-race experiment conceived by "an heir to Hitler." As you'll discover in this profile by Gary Diedrichs, it's already a Brave New World.

**THE SEARCH FOR D. B. COOPER**—D. B. Cooper became an instant American folk hero when he hijacked a Northwest Airlines 727 jetliner and parachuted out into the night with a \$200,000 ransom. A small portion of the money was recently unearthed in the Columbia River in Washington State. What does the FBI know about the skyjacker's fate? HUSTLER presents new insights into this bizarre case in a report by Bruce Henderson.

**WITH A BULLET**—Tracking down a missing record-company executive, a private detective gets caught in a groove with a hot female singer who takes him for a spin. But that's before he learns the truth about violence in the music business. Fiction by Ben Pesta.

**PHOTO-FEATURES**—You'll wish that you were home on the range when you see next month's centerfold, **DUSTY: READY TO RIDE**. Learn how hot-blooded politicians relax these days in **BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**. Two beautiful young women get together for a really **MOVING EXPERIENCE**, and red-haired **MELISSA** will give you her own special brand of **SCARLET FEVER**.



**PLUS**—A sweltering August lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.

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VOL. MCMLXXIX....No. 2

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## PASSION AT PALAZZO

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Casanova Clarifies Crazy Carousing

VENICE, Saturday, June 1 — G. J. Casanova, former army officer and Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Aquaviva, explained today in an exclusive interview the circumstances surrounding last night's frenzied escapades at his palazzo in the exclusive San Marco section of Venice. Casanova stated that he had invited several young ladies for a Friday evening of chamber music. Late in the afternoon, he received a small bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense® from a friend, who whispered certain unbelievable claims concerning it. Casanova placed the gift aside and thought no more about it; until, during the evening, one of the ladies inquired as to its strange nature.

In attempting to open the jar, Casanova alleged that his arm was jarred by the fiddle player's bow, and the incense spilled upon the carpet. Claiming the grounds of chivalry, Casanova refused further comment on what ensued prior to the scene represented (at right) by our roving artist who arrived at the palazzo at 4:00 am.

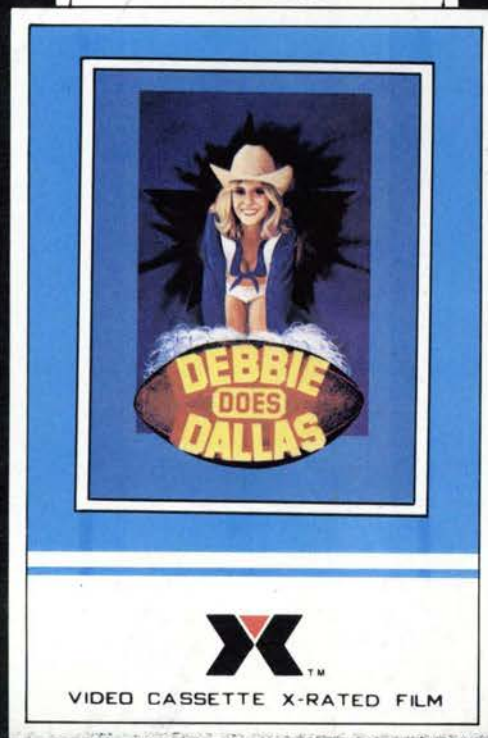
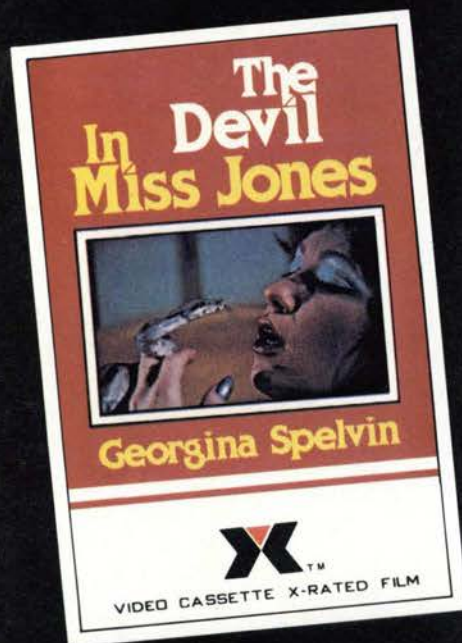
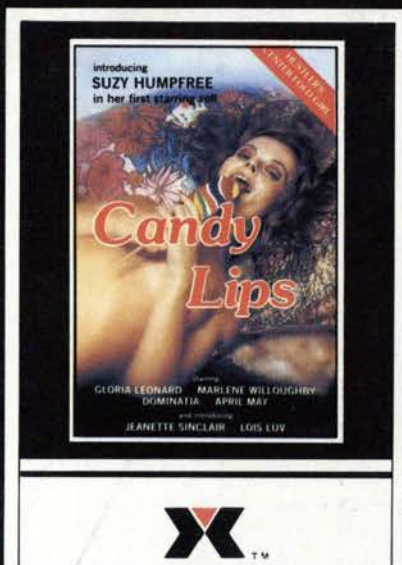
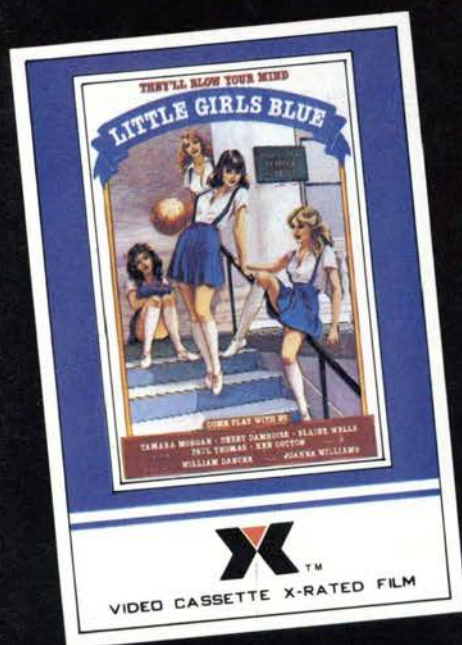
Casanova's only further comment was to inquire as to where he might obtain more Rush "whatever the cost." Investigation reveals that Casanova was expelled from the Seminary of St. Cyprian at age 16 for "scandalous behaviour." Unconfirmed reports suggested that his lengthy vacation in Paris last year may have been prompted by certain threats made by several irate Venetian husbands.



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